MEXICO'S COUNTER-CULTURE **JIM HOUGAN**

THE NATION

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ZEALOTS FOR NIXON
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PEACE: SLOGAN OR PLAN?
NIXON IGNORES ARMS CONVERSION
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LETTERS

Jewish vote

Haddonfield, N. J.

DEAR SIRS: I have been sorely distressed in recent weeks over the role that responsible Israeli leaders have assumed vis-à-vis the coming Presidential election. If not in overt language, of which examples can be pointed to, they have made abundantly clear whom they prefer. The results are likely to be damaging in the extreme to George McGovern.

Consider the influence the Jewish vote may have in such pivotal states as my own and that of New York. The Jewish vote of neighboring Pennsylvania, with one-quarter million in the city of Philadelphia, could well decide that state's voting pattern.

My fellow Jews would well consider the decisive role the Democratic Party has played in the establishment of the state of Israel and its subsequent development. Shortsightedness is not in order. Moreover, come hell or high water, next November the Department of State, the oil lobby's steadfast and unfailing ally, will remain. And its policies will likely remain unchanged.

Richard Nixon has done no more or less than any other American President would have done in the face of Russian penetration of the Middle East. Let us not forget that. Power politics is the name of the game, and behind the scenes the economic forces that direct that policy.

The Jewish community in the United States needs George McGovern to replace the present occupant of the White House. And just as deeply as the rest of the country! We cannot fail to see the need for change if this country is to make a *start* toward a better America. . . .

Zev Hoffman

pro bono?

New York City

DEAR SIRS: As a long-time reader of *The Nation* (and a Democrat who has voted for every Democratic Presidential candidate from Franklin Roosevelt to Hubert Humphrey) I write to protest your editorial, "Mean and Rigid" (Sept. 4). . . .

Nixon is described as breaking most of the 1968 platform promises—"no wage and price control, no dealing with China, no deficit spending, etc." Anti-McGovern Democrats, says the editorial, ought to remember that Nixon "was willing to betray his oldest and most loyal supporters, the right wing, during his first four years, in order to develop a broader base." Conceivably, Nixon's actions were taken to further the American public interest; perhaps his actions illustrate the flexibility of the American political and public policy system. Many possibilities can be identified. To sum them up with the word "betray" strikes me as a noncontribution to political commentary.

Norman John Powell
Professor of Political Science
The Bernard M. Baruch College of CUNY

old story

Brooklyn, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: Re Fred J. Cook's "The Greedy War" [*The Nation*, Sept. 11] I did a research paper related to events leading up to the Communist victory in China (1945-49) and I used articles from *The Nation* which detailed the exact same corruption by Chiang Kai-shek and his minions in the Kuomintang where billions of dollars worth of goods, including food, were stolen constantly. . . .

I urge you to look at your own back issues from the late 1940s; the similarities between the Chinese Civil War and the Vietnamese civil war are so striking that it is history repeating itself twenty-five years later, and this government has learned nothing since then.

J. Drandoff

EDITORIALS

Stagecraft

One does not have to like Ron Ziegler, President Nixon's press secretary, to acknowledge that he does a good job for his boss. George McGovern has some excellent people around him, but he needs a first-class, opportunistic press agent who will make McGovern look as good as in fact he is. This thought is suggested by a picture spread across four columns of the front page of the September 13th *New York Times*. It shows, in medium shot, Mayor Daley of Chicago on the left, Sen. Edward M. Kennedy in the middle, Senator McGovern on the right, and barely in the picture. Mayor Daley is trying to show that he is not a sorehead, which is greatly to his credit if he means it and gets out the vote for McGovern. Senator Kennedy can do a great deal for Senator McGovern and surely will exert himself to that end. But he is not the candidate and yet there he is, squarely in the middle of the picture, smiling and with his eyes wide open. McGovern is smiling too, but his eyes are closed. A shot like that can't do the candidate any good. An alert press agent would not have allowed a picture so faulty to go out. Photographers are almost always willing to cooperate in such matters, but coordination is needed.

In some areas McGovern is doing very well. The September *Fortune* carries a story about the RCA Corporation, which was built up to Number 18 in *Fortune's* list of the 500 leading U.S. industrial corporations by the late David Sarnoff, and is now run by David's son, Robert W. Sarnoff. Lazard Frères, the investment bankers, helped to make RCA a conglomerate and in the process collected nearly $2 million. When André Meyer, the senior partner at Lazard, left the RCA board in 1969, his place was taken by Donald A. Petrie, described as "an uncommon sort of investment banker whose strong convictions and caustic tongue were soon to give [Robert] Sarnoff fits." Recently Petrie resigned from the RCA board and from Lazard to become treasurer of the Democratic National Committee. If he stays through the campaign, or only advises as a consultant, he will give a significant lift to the McGovern-Shriver ticket.

A story by Robert B. Semple in the same *Times* issue with the faulty picture indicates that McGovern's foreign policy and defense positions are shaping up nicely. Abram J. Chayes, who served in the State Department in the Kennedy administration, and Paul C. Warnke, a former senior official in the Defense Department, head up a task force working in these two related areas. Another important aide is John Holum, McGovern's legislative assistant, who defined McGovern's position on the Defense Department budget. One of the conclusions is stated by Mr. Chayes in a recent interview: "The age of containment, and the policies it created, are probably coming to an end. It would be silly for me to say that the cold war is over. But the next administration will not have to be as preoccupied as the present one with relations with the Soviet Union. . . . The problems between us, and therefore our obsession with them, will be reduced

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in size, and we can then go on to other things." Mr. Chayes makes another vital point: "Nixon's reluctant withdrawal from Vietnam, his request to Congress for more sophisticated weapons systems, his unwillingness to abandon forward bases are all inconsistent with his claims of conciliation." All that is excellent and important to say—so important, indeed, that McGovern should have said it. Mr. Chayes is not running for office. Nor are the members of the Democratic National Committee, who appear so often in print and on TV.

What McGovern needs most, it would appear, is to take the stage, hold it and challenge Nixon to join him in the limelight. Mr. Nixon is busy these days with off-stage noises suggesting a resolute statesman who will negotiate always from a position of strength and make America respected as the most virile of nations. McGovern should goad him into talking about the cost of living, payoffs to big campaign contributors, Cambodia, Vietnam, and who did authorize the bombings. If he won't talk about such awkward matters, so much the better for McGovern.

One way in which these voters can be won over is by a full-scale assault on the spies and housebreakers to whom the Republicans have given free rein and $114,000 with which to finance their crimes. No one, not even among the Republicans, believes that the Watergate intruders with their bugging and photographic paraphernalia were operating under the sole direction of Bernard L. Barker, the former CIA operative, veteran of the Bay of Pigs, real estate broker, etc., who now offers himself as the fall guy for the higher-ups. (See p. 230, this issue.) The amended complaint in the Watergate case, naming Maurice H. Stans, former Secretary of Commerce and at present finance chairman of the Nixon campaign, is a step in the right direction. Also the Committee to Reelect the President is now accused, together with some individual defendants. Probably nothing could avail McGovern more than to break this scandal wide open and trace it to the top echelons of the Republican Party. This is the Achilles heel of the conspirators the Republican high command saw fit to recruit. The opportunity is one McGovern cannot afford to pass up and the more he can publicize his charges, the better will be his chances.

Once More to the Rescue

The Lon Nol regime in Cambodia is falling apart—it will collapse utterly unless the Nixon Administration can do a baling-wire job and hold it together for a while longer. Having more or less sold the American people on the idea that his Cambodian "incursion" would help win the war, Mr. Nixon is bound to make that effort.

North Vietnamese troops hold large areas of Cambodia, including the highways over which rice is transported to Phnom Penh, the capital. The province of Battambang to the west has become virtually the only source of Phnom Penh's rice, and the connecting road, Route 5, has been cut. Ten thousand tons of rice recently purchased from Thailand were to be shipped over the same route. "First-quality" rice has more than tripled in price during the last two months. A 220-pound sack, about a month's

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supply for an average family, now costs $30. The rice most Cambodians can afford to buy is regarded by them as pig feed.

The result has been food riots, which culminated on September 8 in an orgy of looting, led by soldiers who complained that they could not buy enough to eat on their army pay of $10 a month. The rioters attacked the rice merchants, almost all of whom are Chinese. One merchant was killed, others were beaten and fled the market area, which was stripped of all provisions except bananas. Out of Phnom Penh's population of 1.1 million, 200,000 are ethnic Chinese. President Lon Nol has incited the populace against them and they are in danger of suffering the fate of the tens of thousands of Cambodian Vietnamese who were massacred after Prince Norodom Sihanouk was deposed.

The government announced that Lon Nol was giving the rice shortage his personal attention. Judging by past performance, that will not be a big help. Some Cambodian officials are said to hope that American troops will be sent in to open Route 5 and drive the North Vietnamese out of Cambodia. They are poorly acquainted with the political situation in the United States. However, the ever ready B-52s have been called in for air strikes, close enough to Phnom Penh to rattle windows. B-52s are now bombing the "enemy" in every country of Indochina.

From Washington comes a report that the United States, in response to an urgent appeal by Lon Nol, is preparing to fly 60 to 80 tons of rice daily from South Vietnam to Phnom Penh. The United States is believed to have 20,000 tons of rice stashed away in South Vietnam and is willing to advance half of it to the beset Lon Nol government. Dr. John A. Hannah, administrator of the Agency for International Development, said, "Obviously we'd prefer it if the Cambodians could handle the problem without us—Congress is always upset when we operate in Cambodia—but we can't turn down a humanitarian request."

It needs only to be added that Dr. Hannah is a former Assistant Secretary of Defense and was president of Michigan State University at the time plans were being laid there for the installation of Ngo Dinh Diem as dictator of South Vietnam.

How Lowenstein Does It

Allard Lowenstein initiated the dump-Johnson movement in 1968. He was elected to the House of Representatives from Nassau County and was subsequently gerrymandered out of his seat. He kept himself busy as national chairman of Americans for Democratic Action and in the June 20th primary ran against John Rooney in Brooklyn's 14th Congressional District. He could hardly have picked a more formidable opponent. Rooney has represented the District for twenty-eight years and heads the House Appropriations subcommittee which dispenses funds to the Justice, State and Commerce Departments. Lowenstein lost by 890 votes out of nearly 30,000 cast.

There were widespread irregularities, showing that old-fashioned Election Day tricks have not gone out of style. Lowenstein, however, did not content himself with crying foul and waiting for a rematch in 1974. He kept a skeleton organization on the job and had some twenty workers canvassing the district to collect statements and affidavits which indicated that nearly 2,000 irregular votes had been cast. He brought suit and lost. State Supreme Court Justice Charles R. Rubin ruled that the evidence did not prove fraud, nor had there been sufficient irregularities to upset Rooney's plurality.

An ordinary politician would have let the matter drop at that point. Lowenstein went up to the Appellate Division. Five judges heard argument and ruled unanimously in his favor. They ordered a new election for September 19. Rooney's attorneys went up to the Court of Appeals, New York State's highest court. By a vote of 4 to 3, the justices held that Lowenstein had established that "this primary election was characterized by such irregularities as to render impossible a determination as to who was rightfully nominated." The Appellate decision that the Appeals Court upheld found no evidence of fraud per se (a rather charitable verdict in view of some of the evidence Lowenstein adduced), but decided that the election had been conducted so badly that "every dictate of fairness and protection of the voter's franchise demands a new election." The court also found that some 1,300 voters whose registration had lapsed had been permitted to vote, while "hundreds" of other voters had been turned away because their registration cards could not be found. Lowenstein's committee charged that various forms of discrimination had been practiced, particularly in black and Puerto Rican areas.

There is a marked resemblance in political behavior between Lowenstein and Paul McCloskey, the anti-Nixon Republican Congressman from California, and also between Lowenstein and Ralph Nader. These young men demonstrate that it is possible to work within the system and get results. It takes courage and tenacity, but it can be done.

Progress Report

A friend of *The Nation* has called our attention to an article by William Beecher, "Over the Threshold," in the July issue of *Army*. The Nixon Administration, we learn, feels that mutual limitations on strategic weapons between the United States and the Eastern bloc "would of necessity place higher importance on tactical nuclear weapons and conventional land, air and sea forces assigned to defend America's allies in Europe." The one thing we must not allow to happen is a *reduction* in nuclear arms. The SALT agreements, Secretary Laird argued, compel us to add to our strategic nuclear arsenal, so that we may be in a position of strength for the next round of negotiations. On the other hand, if we are to contemplate limitations on strategic nuclear weapons, thus modifying the Dulles doctrine of massive retaliation, we must strengthen our "credibility" to wage nuclear war in close combat.

We now have a stockpile of some 7,200 relatively large and "dirty" tactical nuclear weapons deployed in Western Europe. These weapons are classed as tactical not so much because of size as because they are intended for

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battlefield use. They range from a TNT equivalent of 1,000 tons to at least 100 kilotons apiece, or five times the explosive force of the bombs that devastated Hiroshima and Nagasaki. And they are "dirty"—causing a great deal of fallout, so that they may have a boomerang radiation effect.

Now, however, with progress in nuclear technology, it should be possible to produce nuclear weapons with an explosive force equivalent to 25 to 50 tons of TNT, or only two and half to five times the explosive energy of the largest bombs of World War II. Furthermore, specialized bombs may be produced, such as those sending out a very short burst of radiation to kill troops holed up in a city, as at Anloc or Quangtri, without destroying the city. Or the blast effect can be enhanced for the purpose of destroying small hard targets, such as a command bunker or a nuclear weapons storage bunker. Or an area, such as a key mountain pass, can be interdicted for hours or days without causing long-term contamination.

Formerly, it seems, there were misgivings about tactical nuclear weapons. During the Kennedy and Johnson administrations officials feared that these might be used incontinently and lead to an all-out strategic nuclear exchange, leaving nothing for either side. These unmanly fears have now subsided. "Without fuss or fanfare," Beecher writes, "from about $10 million to $20 million a year has been channeled into research and development on a variety of smaller, 'cleaner' weapons. . . ." And laser bombs, of course, for accurate delivery.

You can't stop progress, as they say.

Attica

Attica is the name of an ingrown little town in upstate New York and of the prison there in which thirty-two inmates and eleven correctional personnel died on September 13, 1971, with scores more injured. It was the bloodiest prison uprising in American history, and the worst handled by the people in charge. The latter statement is a fair inference from the report of the New York State Special Commission on Attica, running to 500 pages and characterized editorially by *The New York Times* as "a superb document, sweeping in scope, meticulous in detail, calm in tone, unsparing in assessing blame." That sparse recompense has come out of all the inhumanity and bloodshed.

Reviewing the record, one can hardly believe that one lives in a civilized state within a civilized country. The prison was a hotbed of racism. The prisoners were almost all black or Puerto Rican; the guards were all white—and drawn from the particular caste of whites whose chief delight is persecution of those of another race. The conditions in the prison were execrable. Once the uprising had begun and a guard had been killed, there seemed to be no way to prevent a tragic ending. Moreover, promises of reform have been broken and conditions at the prison are as bad as ever.

Commissioner of Correction Russell G. Oswald was in charge of the negotiations with the prisoners, who had taken ten hostages. The taking of hostages is the only accusation the commission makes against the inmates. The other charges are almost exclusively leveled at the authorities. Oswald made several efforts to get Governor Rockefeller to come to Attica and try to prevent a massacre. Rockefeller, however, seems to have been convinced that the prison was at least partly in the grip of a revolution and, on that account, he would not intervene. It is possible that if he had taken a hand he would have been as unsuccessful as Oswald was; as it is, however, he bears some responsibility for the slaughter.

The commission finds that there was no revolutionary conspiracy, that the highly organized society among the inmates developed spontaneously. The eruption of violence was likewise spontaneous and occurred as a result of intolerable conditions. It was, in the commission's words, "the product of frustrated hopes and unfulfilled expectations after efforts to bring meaningful change had failed."

No nonlethal weaponry was available to the state police and the weapons used made inevitable the death and injury of hostages and inmates alike. There was no rational, unified assault plan and no prior planning for medical attention. On the part of the state, it was a simple resort to violence, exceeding the violence on the part of the inmates.

The commission of nine members reported unanimously on these and other points. Arthur Liman, the general counsel for the commission, was authorized to take testimony from inmates and assure them of confidentiality. The state is now suing Liman to obtain possession of these records. Disgrace follows on disgrace, without any indication that a lesson has been learned. It is only a matter of time until other Atticas follow.

Vocabulary for Vietnam

A few months ago, *Boston After Dark* ran a picture of Richard Nixon together with a full-page headline: "Enemy Bombs Hanoi." It was an irreverent gesture serving to bring out dramatically the distorted vocabulary used by the media when reporting on the war. After all, Hanoi and the NLF, 10,000 miles away from us, are not our enemies, as they have no men or matériel on our soil, nor have they any such plans for the future. It is we who are their enemy. The Pentagon employs the word "enemy" to strike fear into the hearts of the American public; and the press consistently parrots this false usage.

American journalism and its readers take pride in the "objectivity," the "neutrality," and the "impartiality" of their news media. But when referring to our battlefield adversaries, the press makes use of a range of terms that could hardly be thought of as objective. "Reds"—scarcely a neutral, unemotional word—is standard banner-headline fare. If distinctions are to be made along such color lines, a headline like "White Pilots Bomb Hanoi" would be a logical way of adhering to them. It is also common to read that our side killed "189 Communists." Why are they referred to as Communists, aside from the fact that, in American political discourse, Communists are usually equated with the devil himself? It cannot be because they all belong to the Communist Party, since only a fairly small percentage of the population do. If it is because those soldiers are fighting for a Communist-type cause, then logically our "allied" casualties would

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have to be referred to as "capitalist deaths," or our actions headlined "Capitalist Troops Attack Village." Or if it is really a struggle for "South Vietnam," that mythical country could be referred to as "the southern portion of Vietnam which the United States occupied in violation of the 1954 Geneva agreements."

The South Vietnam-based NLF has especially been blurred from sight, even made into something horrible, by a veil of terminology. Aside from being called "enemy," "foe" or "Communist," they are habitually referred to as "Vietcong." The term, which is not their name but a Saigon-invented appellation, signifies "Vietnamese Communists." In English it is meaningless, but it sounds vaguely frightening, perhaps because of unconscious echoes of "King Kong" in many Americans' minds. If the press were as objective as it claims, it would allude to this group by its own name or at least by its abbreviation, just as it refers as a matter of course to the U.S., the ARVN, the GVN and the ROK. It is true, however, that a headline such as "US Forces Kill 277 National Liberation Front Soldiers" would trouble many a reader's conscience.

Even the generic condition of the NLF fighters has been suppressed by the media. James Higgins has speculated as to how the American public would have seen the NLF if its partisans had been referred to as "patriots," admittedly a charged, "unobjective" word. One thing which the NLF are, however, is "rebels," "insurgents" against the Saigon government. These respectably neutral and objective words are never to be seen in the AP-UPI dispatches, much less in the headlines. The obvious reason is that "rebel" still has a certain dignity, suggests courage, personal commitment, devotion to a cause—qualities which the Pentagon rules out in its victims, and which the "objective" newsmen omit accordingly.

The uses of manipulatory terminology are endless. During the current offensive there has been a litany about the "Soviet-made tanks" brought into action by the DRV, in keeping with the idea that the USSR is somehow behind it all. By contrast, one reads often of "South Vietnamese warplanes" or "ARVN gunships"—native Saigon-made machinery, we are to assume. The United States, of course, provides every last nut and bolt used by the ARVN, about seven times what the USSR furnishes the DRV. Even something as clear-cut as Nixon's mining operation has been obscured by the press; one *New York Times* headline read "Soviets Assail U.S. 'Blockade' "—not a blockade but a "blockade," presumably alleged by Kosygin.

Official Canadian radio refers to Mme. Binh not as a Communist or a Vietcong but as "head of the Provisional Revolutionary Government." Montreal newscasters speak of NFL and DRV resistance, while in U.S. papers it is only Saigon that puts up "resistance"—against an army one-fourth its size. If the American press wishes to live up to its image of objectivity, it could begin by alluding to our adversaries by their official names, and systematically avoid such loaded words as "allies," as well as "foe," "enemy," "Communist," "Vietcong" and "Red." And call a blockade a blockade.

GENE BELL

ZEALOTS FOR NIXON

GAUDY NIGHT AT THE WATERGATE

ROBERT SHERRILL

Washington

"Now this is the kind of thing you expect under a person like Hitler." —*Sen. George McGovern*

Operating within the Republican Party is a relatively uncontrolled group of right wingers, the ideological heirs of the Joseph McCarthy Death's Head units (*Totenkopfverbände*) of the mid-1950s and of Goldwater's ill-fated *Putsch* in 1964. They do influence policy at the highest levels, but they have recently become much more restless and much more frantic to widen their sphere of influence as they unhappily watch President Nixon venturing off to Peking and Moscow and taking actions that they hardly recognize as coming from the Dick they thought they knew, but now aren't so sure.

They operate along the fine edge of fanaticism, and as is always the case in such an environment they sometimes fall off, not only to their embarrassment but to the extreme embarrassment of the very person they most want to influence. Such an event occurred in unforgettable style in the early morning hours, beginning between 2 A.M. and 2:30 A.M. on June 17, in what is known as "The Night of the Corporals" (*Nacht der Korporalen*).

At about that hour the Washington police cornered five men inside the Democratic National Committee headquarters in the Watergate office building. They might have claimed they had come by to see former Chairman Lawrence O'Brien during the day and, falling asleep, had been locked in by mistake; but it's not likely that that story would have gone over with the cops, since the five were wearing surgeons' rubber gloves, were weighted down with eavesdropping equipment and burglary tools, and were armed with Mace. They also carried fifty-three $100 bills—which, the experts say, is the denomination favored by the CIA in financing its covert operations.

Diligent newsmen later discovered that the five intruders were in fact only part of a group—the others got away—who had been flown in from Miami, whisked in a 1972 Chrysler to luxurious quarters in the Watergate Hotel and fed an elegant lobster dinner before being put to their *Spionieren* inside Democratic headquarters. The common denominator of the group was Cuba. Each of the five reportedly had been involved in some way in the disastrous Bay of Pigs invasion of 1961. Two of the intruders are worth special attention.

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James W. McCord, 53, Texan, Baptist, Air Force reserve colonel, and for nineteen years an employee of the CIA before—the agency claims—he left it in 1970. McCord was security consultant to the Republican National Committee and to the Committee to Re-elect the President, the latter hiring him last January at a take-home salary of $1,209 a month. He had an office in the committee's headquarters at 1701 Pennsylvania Avenue, kittycorner from the White House.

Colonel McCord's Air Force reserve assignment (which they claim he quit four months ago) was to a special, secret fifteen-man squad which spent its time making up a list of "radicals" who presumably would be put in "camps" in the event of war; the unit also set up plans for censoring news and mail, and in other ways suppressing dissent during the next war.

Tad Szulc of *The New York Times* reported that two of the Watergate intruders were known to have connections with an extremist right-wing group of Cuban expatriates known as the "Ex-Combatientes Cubanos de Fort Jackson," about 800 strong, some of whom are committed to "direct action to combat what they viewed as left-wing causes in the United States." Szulc's sources also told him that these right-wing Cuban nuts had "some contact" with the military reserve unit to which McCord had at one time belonged.

The second of the Watergate Five worth special notice is Bernard L. Barker, 55, an American citizen born and raised in Cuba who served with Castro's forces before the revolution came to a head, but later fell out with the Cuban Prime Minister and moved to the United States; reputedly, he was the CIA's finance officer (*Schatzmeister*) in the Bay of Pigs organization, and since 1961 has been on the CIA's payroll. In an interview with Walter Rugaber of *The New York Times* (September 12) Barker portrayed himself as motivated by patriotism, not profit, and repeatedly stressed his fortitude under interrogation. Having resisted Nazi coercion (a bombardier in World War II, he was shot down over enemy territory), Barker expressed confidence in his ability to withstand American methods of questioning. Indeed, he so preened himself on his taciturnity under duress, agreeing proudly with Rugaber that he is no "squealer," that one is forced to the conclusion that he is choking back information that would rock the country and shatter the GOP.

Two of the Watergate Five were carrying little address books in which appeared the name E. Howard Hunt, Jr., and after it the notation "W. House" in one book and "W.H." in the other. Could that W., by any chance, stand for White? For twenty-one years, from 1949 to 1970, Hunt had been with the CIA—he was another of the key organizers of the Bay of Pigs thing, during which he became a buddy of Barker. He then moved into the White House to do "consulting work." He was sponsored for the job by Charles W. Colson and he became Colson's lieutenant (*Untersturmführer*). Hunt was also a writer for Robert R. Mullen & Co., a public relations firm with offices at 1700 Pennsylvania Avenue, conveniently across the street from the White House's Executive Office Building. Robert R. Mullen & Co. is rumored to have done work for the CIA. The firm is run by Robert F. Bennett, son of the very conservative Utah Sen. Wallace Bennett; Robert Bennett has acknowledged that he was one of the key organizers of the phony campaign committees in which Nixon hid the first $10 million of his 1972 slush fund.

As for Hunt's sponsor, Colson, a special counsel to Nixon, he has said of his own zealousness that "I would walk over my grandmother if necessary" to get a job done. White House aide Ken Clawson adds his own description of Colson as "a tough doer, the kind of fellow who does the necessary dirty work." One piece of dirty work performed by Colson in 1970 was to plant with *Life* an inaccurate story that helped defeat Sen. Joseph Tydings of Maryland. Apparently Colson and his protégé Hunt had something of the same sort in mind for Sen. Edward Kennedy, for the White House librarian acknowledged to *Washington Post* reporters Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein that Hunt had checked out "a whole bunch of material" on Kennedy and the 1969 Chappaquiddick Island accident in which Mary Jo Kopechne, a passenger in Kennedy's car, drowned after the car went off a bridge and into the channel. Later, the librarian denied that she had had any conversation with the *Post* reporters. Hunt's research might fit in with the discovery by Gene Miller of the *Miami Herald* that, in one of the earlier burglaries of Democratic headquarters, material relating to Kennedy had been photographed and later processed at a Miami photography shop.

And where was Hunt when the cops barged into the Watergate June 17? Again relying on intrepid snooping by *Post* reporters, it can be confidently assumed that Hunt and G. Gordon Liddy were "in a stairwell or corridor in the Watergate" when the arrests were made; but they were carrying a walkie-talkie and received a warning over it in time to escape to the Howard Johnson Motel across the street. *Times* reporter Szulc appraised Hunt's role as that of "the chief of what some investigators said was a loosely organized Cuban-American, right-wing commando team"—a team probably ready to go into action on a scale much wider than merely the Democratic headquarters.

Hunt, Liddy and Robert Mardian, a former assistant U.S. attorney general, were reportedly the creators of the Nixon re-election committee's "security intelligence squad" (*Sicherheitsdienstgruppe*), and members of the squad were at an eavesdropping post in the Howard Johnson Motel. So when Hunt and Liddy fled there, they were fleeing to base camp.

Mardian is also worth noting. He was the most excessively right-wing official in the Justice Department, heading up the internal security section in a way to revive memories of the McCarthy period. He was constantly pressing to give more powers to the notorious Subversive Activities Control Board and to revive the Attorney General's blacklist; he also wanted to institute more arbitrary methods for weeding out government employees whom he considered "disloyal" to the Administration. And he was red hot to increase wiretapping of "domestic subversives."

But compared to G. Gordon Liddy, Mardian was a bit actor. Liddy, 42, was in the FBI for five years, from

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1957 to 1962, after which he practiced law in New York City and was assistant district attorney in Dutchess County, New York. He worked up so much support from the Republican right wing in that area that he almost unseated Rep. Hamilton Fish.

No sooner was Nixon settled in the White House than the right-wing fraternity within the Administration brought Liddy to Washington, first getting him a job at the Treasury Department; then, when he got into a squabble with his superiors there for not following orders, transferring him in 1971 to a more important spot in the W. House. He worked under John Ehrlichman, in whose office is combined the levers of the high command (*Oberkommando*) and the bodyguard (*Schutzstaffel*). Liddy and Hunt were in cahoots at the White House.

At the Committee to Re-elect the President, Liddy was at first general counsel and then financial counsel—the number-two man to finance director Maurice Stans. Liddy worked out the legal manipulations in the creation of the dummy campaign committees. Telephone records show that when Barker (caught rubber-gloved at the Watergate) was operating out of Miami he placed an average of one call a week to Liddy's office during the period when the raid plans were being perfected, March 15 to June 16, the last date being the day before the last nocturnal visit. Records show Liddy was also in tight telephone contact with commando captain Hunt.

In the wake of the arrests and at the beginning of the investigation, a number of interesting things happened:

¶Barker told business colleagues in Miami that he wasn't worried because "they" were paying for his lawyer. He didn't say who they were.

¶Immediately after the Watergate arrests, reporters called Hunt and asked him why his name was in the address books of two suspects. Hunt blurted, "Good God!" He then said he had no comment and hung up.

The White House claimed that Hunt's consulting services had been severed as of March 29. But Mrs. Hunt, as late as the end of May, was telling officials at the Spanish Embassy, where she was employed, that her husband was still working at the W. House. And two days *after* the Watergate arrests, the White House switchboard operator, without hesitating, took a call for Hunt from newsmen and when his office didn't answer she said, "There is one other place he might be—in Mr. Colson's office." It was clear she did not think Hunt was off the payroll.

Shortly thereafter Hunt disappeared for several weeks, with 150 FBI agents supposedly in hot pursuit but strangely unable to find him. Federal agents looked through his desk at the White House and found an empty gun and a walkie-talkie of the same type as the ones used by the Watergate Five.

¶Liddy was quietly fired by the Committee to Re-elect the President on June 28, though the firing was kept secret for nearly a month. He had refused to submit to an FBI examination and it was clear that he was so politically radioactive he could contaminate everyone. So John Mitchell had to can his old friend. It was one of the last things done by Mitchell before he also—claiming "personal" reasons—stepped down as chairman of the committee.

Whether or not there is any special meaning to the timing of Mitchell's departure is yet to be learned, but it should be noted that Martha Mitchell's virtual imprisonment began almost simultaneously with the Watergate episode, and her one squeak via long-distance telephone to Helen Thomas of UPI included a reference to "all those dirty things that go on" in politics. A security guard interrupted that conversation by pulling her phone off the wall—a rather excessive reaction, unless she had more beans to spill.

Liddy's first encounter with the grand jury, by the way, was reportedly a stubborn one. Asked if he had provided "any other services" besides legal services for the President's finance committee, he refused to say.

¶McCord got his job at the White House on the recommendation of Alfred Wong, chief of technical security for the Secret Service; the Democratic National Committee's attorney wanted to take a deposition from Wong about his acquaintance with one of the Watergate Five, but Wong refused.

¶It was learned that the law firm of Freed, Frank, Harris, Shriver and Kampelman had been broken into on April 28, but officers of the firm hadn't reported it to police at the time because they hadn't found anything missing (they didn't look for bugs). The Harris in the title is Patricia Roberts Harris, whose latest service to the Democratic Party was as chairman of the Credentials Committee during the convention. The Shriver is you know who, and Max Kampelman has been for twenty years a confidant and adviser to Hubert Humphrey.

The White House has attempted to maintain a pious distance between itself and the suspects. Ronald Ziegler, Nixon's press flunky, said his boss wouldn't have any comments to make on "a third-rate burglary" (*dritter-Klasse Einbruch*). If it were only a burglary, it would surely be the most unusual burglary in the world, for one of the participants had $114,000 to finance a job that promised to pay off not one penny in loot.

The money was traced to the Miami bank account of Barker, who accepted the suggestion of Rugaber of the *Times* that he had been treasurer of the Bay of Pigs invasion. Apparently he was also the treasurer of the Watergate invasion. Of the total, $89,000 was accounted for by checks deposited to Barker's account by Manuel Ogarrio Daguerre, a Mexican lawyer. The checks were drawn on the Banco Internacional of Mexico City. Apparently the grand jury investigating this whole thing has information that might link the $89,000 to Texas oil interests, for the jury questioned William C. Liedtke, Jr., president of Pennzoil United, Inc., Nixon's chief fundraiser in the Southwest. The jury also questioned Pennzoil's vice president for public relations, Roy Winchester.

But investigators know very well the origin of $25,000 of the Barker bank account. It came from Dwayne Andreas, chief executive of Archer Daniels Midland (ADM), one of the nation's largest corporations, and chairman of Interoceanic Corp. Apparently no shadowy interpretation is to be placed on the fact that the money came from Andreas. He is one of those industrialists, rather common

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in America, who believe in what is called "slopping both hogs."

He contributes to important politicians of both parties, because the corporations he runs obtain millions of dollars in subsidies from the government for a variety of programs, expecially farm boondoggles. It is also important to Andreas to stay on the friendly side of those who grant those highly profitable and hard-to-get bank charters. In 1964 Andreas contributed heavily to the Johnson-Humphrey ticket, and shortly after Johnson was inaugurated in 1965 a federal charter was given for the establishment of the National City Bank, now a part of Andreas' ADM corporation. In 1968 and again this year Andreas was one of Humphrey's most generous financial supporters; but at the same time he was giving to Nixon.

Andreas contributed the celebrated $25,000 on April 5. Less than two months later—hardly a decorous wait—he applied for another federal bank charter, and about three months later, which is extremely speedy handling of such an application, he got it over the applications of two others trying for the same charter. The ADM corporation is also under investigation by the antitrust division of the Justice Department, but Andreas probably has good grounds for optimism as to the outcome.

Andreas passed the $25,000 to Nixon via Kenneth H. Dahlberg, who in addition to being Nixon's Midwest campaign finance chairman is also a stockholder in Andreas' bank holding company that got the charter.

Dahlberg bought a $25,000 cashier's check, which he then turned over to Nixon's campaign finance director, Stans, who, making it sound like a hot potato, says he "held the check in my hands for about three minutes and then passed it on to my treasurer who passed it on elsewhere and I cannot account for why it went into the bank account" of Barker nine days later.

By "my treasurer" Stans meant Hugh W. Sloan, Jr., campaign treasurer. It's said that in their work at the White House, Hunt and Liddy and Sloan were, pardon the old-fashioned expression, thick as thieves. Like John Mitchell, Sloan quit his post for "personal reasons" when things got hot.

Then Liddy passed the check to Barker. Liddy claims —and if you want to believe him you are free to do so— that Barker gave him money in exchange for the check. The other $89,000 was also in Liddy's hands before it was in Barker's bank account.

Actually, the whole money picture is screwed up, and it will continue to be until Stans explains where that giant slush fund in his office safe—$350,000? $750,000? nobody knows its peaks and valleys—came from and where it went. The General Accounting Office, after looking over Nixon's campaign books, states simply: "We have been unable to find any record of the source and make-up of this currency." The GAO of course asked Stans for an explanation and he "stated his belief that any records which may have existed with respect to the $350,000 *were destroyed.*"

A number of investigations are going on, of course, though none is expected to produce the full story very soon. The investigation that fascinates me in a sick-humor way is that being conducted by the FBI under its acting director Patrick Gray III. It would have been difficult to get an objective investigation out of the FBI in the J. Edgar Hoover days; it will be impossible to get one now, for Gray is much more of a political functionary than Hoover ever was. A graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy, Gray retired with the rank of captain in 1960 (he was chief lobbyist for the Secretary of Defense at the time),

Haynie, The Courier-Journal (Louisville)

"I Must Say, You Have an Incredibly Honest Face. . . ."

saying he wanted to get into politics "to influence national policy," and immediately dived into Nixon's 1960 campaign.

When Nixon came back to try again in 1968 Gray, who had been practicing law in the intervening years, was right there by his side, and this time his loyalty paid off with a top position at HEW and later at the Justice Department. In both jobs he worked closely with the previously mentioned right winger Robert Mardian, but they were especially close at Justice where Gray was assistant secretary in charge of the civil division, and Mardian held the same rank in the internal securities division.

Gray was an intensely loyal subordinate, and when then Acting Atty. Gen. Richard Kleindienst was under fire in the ITT scandal, Gray was the happy warrior who refused to let Senate investigators see the Justice Department's files on the ITT antitrust litigation to determine if there had been any favoritism.

Throughout his service in the Nixon bureaucracy Gray has sounded off just as loud (though less noticed by the

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press) and in just as crude a fashion as Spiro Agnew. In fact, his and Agnew's propaganda pitches are almost identical: damning the Eastern press as "inaccurate, biased and grossly unfair," damning the soft-hearted courts, damning organized labor. During the past two months Gray has become a real blabbermouth on the campaign trail, and as Fred Graham of *The New York Times* recently noted, he "has departed from the nonpolitical practices of his predecessor, J. Edgar Hoover, by making a series of speeches that follow key points in the political line of the incumbent Administration."

That's the number-one guy in charge of the Watergate investigation. Don't look for much. And on the other hand, even Democrats shouldn't be too vindictive, for, as good Germans used to say in happier days, *sie folgten nur die Anordnungen.* (They were only following orders.) □

CONGRESS AND FOREIGN POLICY

ARTHUR S. MILLER
Mr. Miller is professor of law at George Washington University. He is the author of Racial Discrimination and Private Education *(University of North Carolina Press) and* The Supreme Court and American Capitalism *(Free Press).*

A foreign policy debate of potentially historic proportions is now taking place in the U.S. Senate. Not since the beginnings of the Republic, not even twenty years ago at the time of Senator Bricker's abortive amendment, have the lines been drawn so sharply. Essentially a struggle over who will control foreign policy—Congress or the President—its outcome could very well determine the direction and nature of American policy for the next generation. With the Javits war powers bill behind it and having dallied with efforts by Senators Mansfield, Cooper and Church to stay the course of the Vietnamese conflict, Senatorial attention is now focused on the President's agreement-making power—his power, as Chief Executive and Commander in Chief of the armed services, to commit the nation on his own authority. Major attempts to curb Presidential power have already been made; more may be expected.

Because of its silences, the Constitution invites battle over the privilege of directing foreign affairs. The Delphic language raises the question of who shall control, but does not answer it. One proposition, however, is entirely indisputable: there is divided authority—shared power—between Congress and the President, in this as in other policy areas. That, at least, was the way the document was written; later developments, particularly in the past thirty-five years, have greatly altered the original concept.

Every schoolchild knows that American Government is a "system" of checks and balances in which each branch purportedly offsets the others. "Ours is a government of divided authority," Justice Hugo Black once said, "on the assumption that in division there is not only strength but freedom from tyranny." That quaint bit of judicial mythology clouds the reality of Presidential hegemony over vast segments of governmental policy. It is truistic to assert that, whatever the intentions of those who wrote the Constitution, the Executive today is far and away the dominant branch—and becoming more so each year. The development finds the judiciary, speaking generally, impotent; and Congress has gracelessly abdicated much of its power. In 1885, Woodrow Wilson could call the chairmen of the standing committees of Congress the most powerful governmental officials. Less than a century later, one looks to the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. Power radiates from the White House in concentric circles of influence that at times encompass members of Congress, but only as individuals and less so with each succeeding administration. As with all other modern governments, the United States is essentially Executive-dominated, even Executive-controlled.

Domestically, the development is a thrice-told tale, requiring no present restatement other than to list some blatant examples of extra-Constitutional Presidential power. Included are the following illustrative instances: (*a*) casually bargaining away the spirit of the antitrust laws by entering into consent decrees that favor the acquisitive instincts of corporate and financial executives; (*b*) exercising "Executive privilege," a device to keep Congress and the public from knowing data pertinent to present and future policies; (*c*) "impounding" (as of spring 1971) more than $12 billion in funds appropriated by Congress, without a shadow of statutory authority to do so; (*d*) investing the Subversive Activities Control Board with new duties, even though its chairman says it is a "quasi-judicial" body, under legal theory an organ over which the President has no authority; (*e*) exercising a "pocket veto" over legislation (the Family Practice of Medicine Act of 1970) in circumstances of dubious constitutionality; (*f*) granting tax depreciation credits to business by Treasury Department fiat; (*g*) "reprogramming" hundreds of millions of dollars of appropriated funds, mainly in the Pentagon's budget; (*h*) slapping on a 10 per cent import surcharge in August 1971, contrary to the General Agreement of Tariffs and Trade; (*i*) asserting an "inherent" power to wiretap without legislative or judicial authority; and (*j*) attempting (with temporary success) to impose a prior restraint on newspaper publication (the case of the Pentagon Papers). The list need not be extended; the foregoing is enough to show an unmistakable Executive grab for power.

A similar pattern emerges in foreign affairs. For example, Presidents, both Democratic and Republican, have asserted a power to commit the armed forces without Congressional authorization. Sen. Jacob Javits' war powers bill is a last-ditch attempt to stay that course. Its success may be small and is certainly to be doubted, but at least it is an effort to curb a reckless Executive and bureaucracy.

Less evident but of fundamental importance is the

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President's power to conclude international agreements. The highly publicized accords with Russia, entered into by President Nixon in May, take the form of both formal treaties and "Executive agreements." One may welcome the move toward détente with the USSR and at the same time question an increasingly frequent use of the latter; often they are negotiated solely on the President's authority as Chief Executive, and are thus of questionable constitutionality; but they do obligate the United States under international law. Presumably, when mainland China is recognized, that act will be accompanied, as was President Franklin Roosevelt's recognition of the USSR, by a set of Executive agreements dealing with financial and trade matters. Possibly, too, as Sen. Henry Jackson, among others, has intimated, the Nixon-Brezhnev accords include secret deals that will surface in due time.

Those highly visible "Summit" accommodations hide the fact that the "Executive" or "Presidential" agreement has become the usual way in which the United States formalizes its diplomatic relations. Under the Constitution the President has express authority to make treaties only "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate," but the tendency for several decades has been to use that instrument sparingly. In the period of 1946 to April 1, 1972, by the State Department's own statistics, 5,958 international agreements were concluded, only 368 of which were treaties. That means that about 94 per cent of American international compacts were, in the Department's ambiguous categorization, "international agreements other than treaties."

Although the range and type of agreements between and among nations are far more numerous, constitutional law recognizes only three basic categories of international accords. First in order of importance is the *treaty*, requiring approval by two-thirds of the Senate before ratification (which, despite usage to the contrary, is an Executive act, the Senate's task being that of consenting to ratification). Next comes the *Congressional-Executive agreement*, an accord made by the Executive pursuant to a prior statute or treaty. The usual illustrations here are the reciprocal trade agreements negotiated under a 1934 statute and the many subsidiary agreements concluded under the terms of the NATO treaty. Finally, there is the "pure" or "true" *Executive* (or Presidential) *agreement*, made solely on the basis of the President's power as Chief Executive. Recognition of foreign governments is often said to be of this nature, although there is no clear-cut law on the matter; and some assert that the settlement of claims incident to recognition is also of Presidential provenance. The so-called Litvinov assignment, concluded by Secretary of State Cordell Hull in 1933 with the then foreign minister of Russia, is an example. It led to two famous decisions that greatly exercised Senator Bricker, in which the Supreme Court held that the agreement was sufficiently like a treaty to override inconsistent state laws (on the ownership of assets of the Czar).

As a consequence of the Supreme Court's lawmaking on international agreements, the category of subjects that can be so dealt with internationally is open-ended (the landmark decision here is *Missouri* v. *Holland* in 1920, holding that a migratory bird treaty with Canada was valid and prevailed over state law, a decision that also made Bricker unhappy), and *all* international agreements are made "the supreme law of the land" under Article VI of the Constitution. What the United States cannot do by treaty or agreement, however, is bargain away the personal rights of its citizens. That was decided in 1957 when the Court held that dependents accompanying the armed forces abroad (to England) could not be tried by court-martial, even though England by agreement had ceded jurisdiction to the United States. That is the state of the law. It isn't very much. Certainly it does not begin to answer the ticklish separation-of-powers questions that are now coming to the fore.

The Constitution is not only an invitation to struggle between Congress and the President over the right to control foreign policies; it also fails to settle the way in which that battle will proceed or end. The Executive, by usage running back almost to the beginnings of the nation, has pre-empted ever larger segments of those policies. This has led to the second argument used to justify Executive action: other Presidents have concluded Executive agreements; accordingly, President Nixon can do so. Coupled with that (which in legal terms may be called making constitutional law by custom and usage) is the argument that the President has certain powers which, when added to an expanding notion of "inherent" Executive authority, enables him to direct and even control both the negotiation of international agreements and their content. Boiled down to its essentials, it is a naked grab for Executive power dressed up in legalese.

Government lawyers, not least of whom was Justice William H. Rehnquist when he was assistant attorney general, readily find a foundation in law and constitutional theory for that ploy. And indeed the law is sufficiently uncertain, with so many gaps in it, that no one can say absolutely that the Executive is wrong. What can be said, and what is being said with increasing insistence and persistence, is that Congress, too, has a foreign policy role under the Constitution and that it is past time for that body to begin to exercise it.

How to do so is the rub. In final analysis, Congress has few weapons at its command. Theoretically, it has the power of impeachment, a blundering, clumsy device that plays no role in the controversy. Other than that, only the ability to withhold funds is available, and that, too, is of dubious usefulness. By slow accretion, budgetary matters have become controlled or controllable by the Executive; it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to muster the votes necessary to cut off money for projects the President desires, and which he has promised to other nations. Considerations of national prestige, of the balance of power in a badly splintered world, accompanied by a tacit recognition of a Congressional lack of information and expertise, all contribute to deprive the appropriations power of its threat; it is, to paraphrase President Cleveland, merely a theory, not a condition. It exists but is not used, much as the power to enter into war is legislative in constitutional theory but Executive in fact.

If that be true historically, it is much more so today. Constitutional historian Alfred H. Kelly noted the development in these terms: "The destruction of the balance of power in Europe and the technological disintegration

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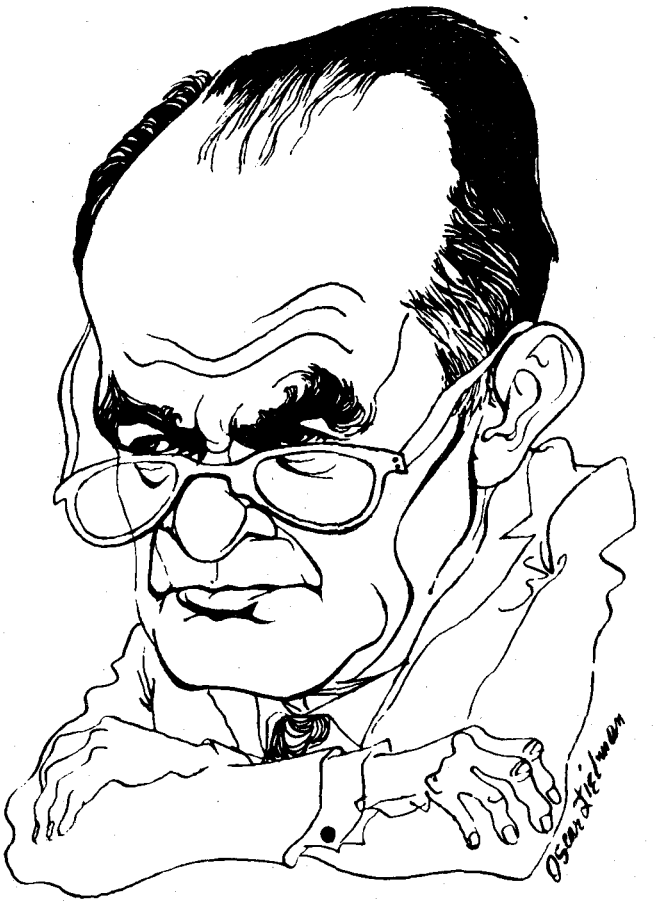
of the ocean barrier . . . plunged the United States after 1940 very heavily" into world politics. "The result was a vast increase in the foreign policy operations of the Executive branch of the government, operations which to considerable extent by their very nature tended to exclude the two houses of Congress from direct participation. The advent since 1945 of a bi-polarized world, in which the United States became the leader of a complex series of grand alliances intended to check and balance the power of the Soviet Union, substantially strengthened this tendency. Immersed as it now was in something like traditional balance-of-power diplomacy, the United States reacted in essentially the traditional fashion—by conducting extensive, intimate and generally secret Executive-to-Executive negotiations in the accepted style of Talleyrand, Metternich, or Castlereagh." For those three worthies read Henry Kissinger.

By its very nature, this process is anti-constitutional and anti-democratic. Lacking widespread publicity and public or legislative participation in the decisions, it is directly contrary to the doctrine of the separation of powers in the American Constitution. Not that anyone is engaged in a sinister conspiracy to subvert the constitutional system, as those who adhere to what Richard Hofstadter called the "paranoid style in American politics" contend. The Executive decisions made during, say, the past thirty years were undoubtedly viewed in that branch as being in the national interest. But the cost, as Professor Kelly says, was borne by the internal constitutional processes. America has plunged into balance-of-power international politics at the price of greatly damaging the internal balance of power provided for by the constitutional system.

However, the phenomenon is much older than this development of the country's world role. Theodore Roosevelt, in effect, defied the Senate in 1905-07 when he arranged for an American financial protectorate over Santo Domingo by Executive agreement, even though the Senate had rejected a treaty drawn up for that very purpose. Interventions in the "banana republics" by American Marines for the purpose of protecting American investments were routine in the 1920s, as Gen. Smedley Butler has testified. Franklin Roosevelt in 1940 traded allegedly over-age destroyers to Great Britain for military bases, a deal of at best dubious legality (even though Atty. Gen. Robert Jackson dutifully produced an opinion justifying it), and at Yalta entered into secret agreements with Churchill and Stalin that carved up the world much as Napoleon and Czar Alexander divided it between them at Tilsit. Presidential agreements are always made in the national interest, as the Chief Executive sees it, but their substance can at times be challenged for overreaching or, in recent years, for an overweening desire for a *Pax Americana*. It is precisely because of such grotesque errors that some Senators are objecting violently.

Congress has reacted in a variety of ways. Led, often in a very lonely fashion, by Senator Fulbright (who has publicly regretted his part in the Tonkin Gulf Resolution that was rammed through Congress), the Senate has become the main Presidential antagonist. Perhaps that is because Senators feel comparatively secure from the ballot box; after all, a Representative is always running for office and is particularly susceptible to pressure from the White House. But though the Senate has pushed the counterattack, the effect, thus far at least, has been slight. Senator Fulbright's fulminations have perhaps helped to create, or at least to accelerate, a public disillusionment with the war in Vietnam, but little more than that has been accomplished by the Foreign Relations Committee.

Sen. Clifford Case has gotten deeply into the act. His bill, S. 596, requiring that Congress be notified of all Executive agreements "as soon as practicable," was passed unanimously by the Senate in February and got by the House in August. Now Public Law 92-403, it is a somewhat pathetic document; it does not require the President to consult with Congress, but merely to tell the legislature what he has done. As a further, more specific measure, Case has introduced S. R. 214, which, if passed, would require Executive agreements with Portugal and Bahrain to be submitted to the Senate as treaties. There is little chance that it will pass either body of the Congress. Even if it does, there is no way to enforce it, save by withholding appropriations.



Senator Fulbright

The latest move is by a solid member of the Senate "club," Sam J. Ervin, Jr., of North Carolina. Ervin, who chairs the Subcommittee on Separation of Powers, has during the past few years held a number of significant hearings on excesses of Executive power. In April he introduced S. 3475, a bill to require submission of all international agreements other than treaties to Congress, where they would lie for at least sixty legislative days

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before going into effect. They would then go into force automatically unless both houses, by concurrent resolution, vetoed them. Hearings were held in May, at which time such notables as former Justice and U.N. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg and former Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford, as well as Senators Fulbright, Case and Symington, all testified in favor of the bill. Some, notably Fulbright, thought it too weak; others raised some minor points of objection. Predictably, the lawyers from the Executive branch lined up shoulder to shoulder in opposition. Should the bill clear the subcommittee, and also the full Judiciary Committee, it will then be referred to the Foreign Relations Committee, at which time Fulbright and Case will have a go at it.

Senator Ervin's bill has the merit of permitting agreements to become effective without express Congressional action. That should dispose of the bulk of them (always assuming favorable legislative action on the bill). But those few that raise serious questions, such as the agreements with Portugal and Bahrain and the secret agreement with Thailand, would subject to full public debate the nature of American commitments abroad. Perhaps the sixty-day period is too short; ninety or 120 days might be better. And the requirement of negative votes by both houses may well be too stringent. Senator Fulbright so believes; he would allow one house to "veto" agreements.

Whatever the ultimate result, there can be little doubt about the constitutionality of the bill in its general outlines. Some witnesses before the Ervin subcommittee suggested that certain agreements lie entirely within the province of the President, mentioning recognition of other governments and armistices at the end of hostilities as examples. But even there the law is uncertain at best, there being no Supreme Court decisions on the question. The State Department, adapting as do all bureaucracies, subtly shifted its position from opposing even the puny provisions of Senator Case's bill requiring mere notification to agreeing to such submissions. The unstated hope is that by agreeing to that inadequate procedure, it can stave off more drastic legislation.

Also unsettled constitutionally is the question of whether Congress by concurrent resolution, not subject to Presidential veto, can stop promulgation of Executive agreements. The argument here is that all bills, of whatever type, must be submitted to the White House. Possibly, if S. 3475 is enacted, it will take a subsequent Supreme Court decision to settle the matter. Historically, it is appropriate to mention that FDR thought that repeal of legislation (by analogy, that could include Executive agreements) by concurrent resolution was unconstitutional. Roosevelt so stated in a memorandum concerning Lend-Lease during World War II, published several years after the war was over.

On the other hand, "laying" proposed Executive or administrative actions before Congress for its scrutiny is not new. For example, Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 requires that before funds can be cut off to states that are alleged to be discriminating racially, the proposed decisions be submitted to appropriate Congressional committees. Presidential plans to reorganize Executive agencies are treated similarly, as are proposed changes in procedural rules governing the federal courts.

Fundamentally, however, the critical question is the extent to which the President has some type of "inherent" powers not touchable by legislation. Here, too, the constitutional picture is cloudy. The leading decision, concerning President Truman's seizure of the steel mills in 1952, settled little other than the invalidity of the specific action. Left unstated were the parameters of Executive power—*terra incognita* in constitutional law.

Ultimately, the problem is less "legal" than "practical." One can spin out legal arguments of almost equal persuasiveness for either side of the Congressional-Executive coin. That is so even though the original constitutional conception was for the foreign relations power to be shared—and for Congress to have a major role in foreign affairs. What Congress does not have, and what it must have if it is to become an effective instrument, is a means by which data can be obtained *and* assimilated in quantities sufficient to make the members privy to what they must know to make intelligent decisions. If, then, S. 3475 is enacted and if Congress moves further into the foreign affairs arena, its ability to gather, retain, and use relevant intelligence on many complex issues must be enhanced. At present, it must rely on the Executive to furnish it with that data, which is usually but not always done. The bureaucracy's penchant for secrecy includes even Congress.

How the institutional capability of Congress can be improved is far from self-evident. Despite the demonstrated need, acknowledged by scholars and Congressmen alike, no serious effort has thus far been made to modernize its procedures or to beef up its powers. The Congressional dragon still languishes deep in the 19th century, now and again switching its tail as it goes through its death throes. At times those lashes abort Executive action, as in the Haynsworth-Carswell nominations to the Supreme Court and the SST appropriation, but at a high price. Congress cannot go many times to that well. The debate over who is to control foreign policy is likely to find the President the victor. Whether Republican or Democrat, the Chief Executive is in charge of government. Institutions that do not adapt with fast-moving times—this includes Congress—are finding themselves swept aside as the winds of change steadily alter the social structure. This will not sit well with constitutional antiquarians. Nor should anyone applaud the development, for it means the desuetude (at least in part) of American constitutionalism. The ongoing foreign policy debate is apt to be more verbal pyrotechnics than substantive changes in programs. Only if Congress drags itself into the last part of the 20th century, sloughing off adherence to ancient practices, will it return, in foreign affairs as well as other areas, to being "equal in title and equal in dignity" to the Executive.

Nor will greater Congressional participation in foreign affairs necessarily help to preserve basic constitutional values. The shameful behavior of Congress over Vietnam is too well known to permit the luxury of believing that there is an easy or quick solution to a perennial problem of government. What would be preserved is the fragmentation of power over foreign policy. Only by an article of faith can one assume that such fragmentation, if it occurs, will produce results that are both viable and decent. □

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Mexico Raises a Counter-culture

JIM HOUGAN
Mr. Hougan is an Alicia Patterson Foundation fellow on leave from the Madison, Wis. Capital Times. *He is the author of* Anticipating Machine *(Quixote Press) and is at work on a book about counter-cultures.*

On October 2, 1968, amid terrible bloodshed and, many believe, the fires of clandestine crematoria, Mexican Army troops brutally reduced a large and peaceful student demonstration to a rout. Official and unofficial estimates of the dead are poles apart. It is reliably reported that at least one youth with a bullet in his head was certified a victim of pneumonia; hundreds of others disappeared. Many Mexicans believe that these missing are dead, their bodies having been illegally cremated at a nearby army base in order to erase the evidence of the massacre's magnitude.

The scope of the slaughter, which began in Tlatelolco Square and quickly spread elsewhere in Mexico City, is perhaps in doubt, but its cause is not: in order to protect massive investments in a tourist industry entering the big-time by way of the year's Olympic Games, and to quell insurgent Marxists, Mexico's new and noisy Left had to be smashed.

In June 1971, without the Olympic Games for an excuse, history repeated itself, although in miniature and with a variation. This time, student demonstrators protesting "bourgeois educational reform" were gunned down by a paramilitary group of mercenaries recruited from the capital's slums. While heavily armed city police watched passively, platoons of young vigilantes arrived in municipal vehicles, disembarked, took up prearranged positions, and opened fire on the demonstrators. The bush-whacking mercenaries, who call themselves *"halcones"* (falcons) and who were apparently trained on private estates near Mexico City, slew dozens and wounded scores. Not content with dispersing the demonstrators, some of the *halcones* reportedly entered hospitals to interfere with treatment of the wounded.

Political reprisals within the government suggest that the second ambush was organized by super-rightists determined to discredit the new regime of President Luís Echeverría. Whatever their motivation, the two episodes (coupled with more routine censorship, infiltration and harassment) have decapitated and stunned Mexico's young Left. It survives, but without flourishing. In its place has risen the counter-culture.

In the capital city's Autonomous National University (UNAM) a disquieting near silence prevails over the students' "new look." The new look is long-haired, blue-jeaned and hip-to-freaky; the silence stretches from wall to wall, graffito to graffito, breaking finally in the Humanities courtyard where a loudspeaker blares taped anti-American slogans and revolutionary speeches.

With guerrillas in the mountains, brutal poverty, entrenched racism, an economy captured by foreign investment, politically motivated bank robberies and other difficulties, it seems a luxury to do more than note with a sigh the existence of a counter-culture in Mexico. One is tempted to dismiss the newly ubiquitous Mexican hippie as an irrelevant imitator of his American counterpart, a victim of what Ivan Illich calls "psychic colonialism." But to do that would be to ignore the violent origins of the Mexican movement, its dissident nature and its radical character.

American counter-culture has been transformed into an alternative culture; increasingly solipsistic and defensive, it moves toward a peaceful coexistence with the larger society. But while American generations may have reached a temporary détente, Mexico's haven't. "We were born at Tlatelolco—all of us," a Mexican hippie recently said of himself and his friends.

Indeed, the Mexican counter-culture exists in direct opposition to some of the country's oldest institutions and most celebrated traditions; and that opposition is abetted by a series of social changes that, in themselves, are having a profound effect on Mexican society. As thousands of young people abandon rural areas for the glitter, modernity, and false promise of the big cities, families are breaking up, church ties disintegrating, and different values are being rapidly established among the young.

Nowhere are those differences more apparent than in the suddenly changing roles of Mexican women, who, with the Indians, are the country's most oppressed group. There is a folk saying in Mexico that "A woman is like a gun: she should be kept loaded and behind the door." Mexican society generally reflects that view.

Most Mexican women live as cultural prisoners, submissive household drones ruled by uninterrupted pregnancies and a rigid behavioral code dictated by Old World tradition and religious customs. But while Mexican women as a group may be the first to get silenced and the last to be educated, some young girls are finding a degree of freedom in the cities, and in the new counter-culture, that astonishes (and often appalls) their elders.

Increasingly freed from the constrictive protectiveness of cohesive families, the big-city girls are supporting themselves and, more than ever, controlling their own lives. They are already holding relatively responsible jobs (e.g., secretaries and bank clerks), wearing make-up and sexy clothes, dating on their own terms, and living alone in apartments. In some ways the transition may be criticized as one from mother-object to sex-object, but while that transformation may seem of dubious value to some, it represents a solid gain in freedoms for Mexican women. And, while there is no sizable women's liberation movement in Mexico, the anonymity of the cities and the refuge of a tolerant counter-culture offer a foundation on which such a movement is almost certain to be built.

The liberalization of women's roles is having a corresponding effect on young men. Males weaned on visions of the Virgin of Guadalupe (that untouchable, all-giving icon), may find it profoundly disconcerting to see photos in the media of 17-year-old Mexican teeny-boppers undulating in the near nude at a Valle de Bravo rock festival. But traditional ways of courting, at a distance or with chaperones can't compete with the sexual freedom ballyhooed by the counter-culture.

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Nor can the corny culture-heroes of the past rival the worldly ones of the present. The *charro*, a sentimental and chivalric cowboy figure around whom much of Mexico's country music centers, is today a target of ridicule for the country's hip urban young. Similarly, *machismo*, the compulsion to be "more of a man than the average man," is losing its grip on a generation which has greater admiration for Santana than for the Cisco Kid.

Even the language of the young differs from that of their elders. In only a few years, young Mexicans have evolved a rich slang around what they call *la Onda* or *el Patín* (both expressions are roughly translatable as "the scene," though their literal meanings are "the wave" and, more enigmatically, "the roller-skate"). "Yes" emerges as *simón*, "no" as *nel* or *nelacho*; neither word has precedent in Spanish, though the former is probably closer to "right-on" than to "yes" and it may be a corruption of "*Si*, man." Police are known by many names, including *la tira*, from a verb meaning to "pull," "shoot," or "yank." An informer is a *dedo*, or "finger"; a "heavy" is a *grueso* (literally, "bulky" or "thick"). By some strange logic, being stoned is described as *aplatanado* ("smashed banana"?). More comforting for the strung-out American youth-tourist is the fact that "uppers and downers" remain "oo-pairs 'n dow-nairs."

Like all slang, that of the Mexican counter-culture varies geographically: what is hip in Acapulco is probably old hat in Ajijic. What it has in common throughout Mexico, however, is its tendency to insulate the young from the old. Simultaneously, it serves as a force for solidarity within the counter-culture.

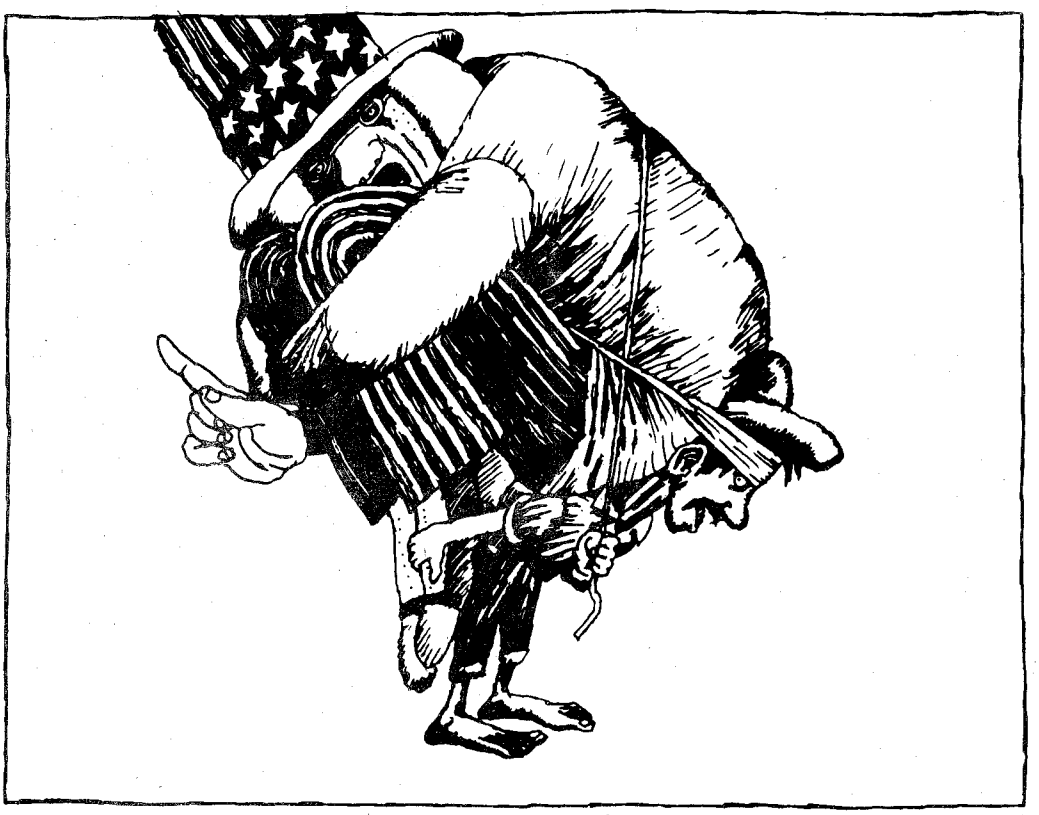
The emerging slang has loosened the formal Spanish language to the point that it is amenable to rock lyrics. Until very recently, most Mexican rock groups (which exist in almost every town large enough to have a school) were forced to write and sing in English, a language not widely understood. The Spanish language was simply too formal, or too steeped in tradition, to convey nuances dictated by the counter-culture's attitudes. It is as if the Beatles had been made to sing *I Wish to Hold Thy Hand* instead of the song they actually wrote. English therefore came to be a code, exclusive and cliquish.

This year the first all-Spanish Mexican rock album was made by that country's most popular group, Guadalajara's "La Revolución de Emiliano Zapata."

"Yo soy revolucionario
Soy tronado y loco
Me pasa la libertad y también el pelo largo . . ."

("I'm a revolutionary/I'm crazy and wild/I dig freedom and long hair too.") If anyone doubted the message, another song in the same album commemorated Tlatelolco, recalling an earlier massacre of Indians in that place. A third song, entitled *Rockinrollero Mexicano* relies heavily on slang to put down savagely the hip hypocrites of the capital's *Onda*. Translated, the lyrics (punctuated with a camp, saccharine background of women sighing "Simón! Simón!") include:

You think you're really heavy,
Your scene's the biggest groove;
Your hair is really long,
And your clothes are so far out.
But you're just another schmuck,



Helio Flores, Novedades (Mexico)

"The U.S. Has No Further Plans for Helping Latin America."

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You're a Mexican rockinroller . . .
You sing in English and you
Read the *Rolling Stone* . . .
But in the end you *love* your mother,
Only *respect* your girl,
And you'd really rather juice than smoke.
You're shucking . . .
You're all messed up . . .

On its release, the album was immediately banned from the radio.

It is easy to overemphasize the impact of rock lyrics on a counter-culture. In the United States, only Bob Dylan seems to have articulated the feelings of his generation so perfectly, consistently and successfully that one may say their attitudes were largely shaped by his perspective. Other rock musicians have conveyed a life style emulated by the young, or a body of beliefs adopted by it, but only Dylan succeeded in conveying an epistemology, a *way* of thinking. (After his early "protest" songs, the contents of Dylan's esoteric lyrics are so inseparable from their delivery that McLuhan's dictum seems to make sense: the medium is the message.) Habituated to literacy, most Americans, when they look for "truth," look for it in the printed word, not in song.

Mexico, however, does not share America's literate bias, and so its popular culture relies much more on music and painting than it does on the written word. Musicians simply have more credibility in Mexico than they do in the United States (except among blacks). They are not only listened to but they are heard and quoted as well. Moreover, music, including rock, is far more accessible in rural areas (and therefore to the Indians and to the poor) than is literature. Because of the transistor radio, more Mexicans are able to identify Lennon than Lenin.

As a result, it does not seem unfair to say that Mexico's rock groups are likely to evolve—in the critical, political mold of "La Revolución de Emiliano Zapata"—as the conscience of that country's counter-culture. Indeed, even the names of existing groups suggest that function: La Revolución, Paz y Amor, Praxis, etc.

A man instrumental in the popularization of native slang and in the emergence of Spanish rock is Manuel Aceves, former editor and publisher of *Piedra Rodante*. Aceves, long-haired, thirtyish and well connected, sees Mexico as a "pre-Fascist society" with a crippled and ineffectual Left. The counter-culture, he says, is his country's best hope.

His magazine, slick, well written and thriving, was recently closed down under government pressure after its editor had survived a year of vicious libels, police harassment, assassination threats, intimidated advertisers and assaulted vendors. One right-wing newspaper, Mexico City's *El Heraldo*, urged the government to invoke the death penalty in Aceves' case (calling him a pornographer and popularizer of drugs), though the editor was charged with no crime.

Indeed, the opposition to Mexican counter-culture is as strong and ubiquitous as tequila. The organized Left sees it as a decadent diversion from a political struggle it would prefer to wage along classical lines. The Left considers *los jipis* cultural collaborators imitating the societal garbage of the very country that oppresses Mexico. To emphasize what they consider to be the mindless nature of the counter-culture, the Left points out that the gun-toting *halcones* wore bell-bottoms and long hair to last year's ambush of demonstrators.

The media of Mexico's conservative middle class is also bitterly hostile to the counter-culture. They characterize it as a subversive attack, inspired by Communists, and dedicated to the overthrow of the social and religious institutions on which the political order rests.

Referring to a rock festival called "*Avandaro*," the magazine *Auxilio!-SOS* headlined its story: "Avandaro: Waterloo of the Old Morality: 150,000 Youths in Orgy of Sex and Drugs." Another publication, the photo-magazine *Casos de Alarma*, described the same festival as "a vicious and degenerate Inferno" of "drugs and sexual perversion." In a blatant appeal to nationalism, the magazine editorialized, "And the worst of it is that it's all by imitation [of American hippies]." Commenting that *jipismo* "threatens to destroy our youth," the magazine concluded that "When one lives in family harmony, the hair does not grow so long. . . ." In fact, the festival that *Auxilio!-SOS* described as "the envy of a Nero or a Caligula" was an orderly, well-run gathering that seemed mild to the Americans who were present.

Completing the third side of a strange triangle formed by the Left and the "moral middle," Mexico's government acts where the others can only condemn. Bowdlerizing *El Topo*, banning *Hair*, and barring films like *Gimme Shelter*, *Easy Rider* and *Let It Be*, officialdom excises the culture of counter-culture. In the same way, federal officials have threatened to close down publications which don't follow the official line on drug use, and disc jockeys have been cautioned against the new slang. And, of course, the usual series of minor drug arrests continues in vogue among police officials.

As if this weren't enough, conservative universities such as Guadalajara's huge UNAM have taken to interrupting regular courses with administration sermons that denounce Jane Fonda, the Rolling Stones, and *jipismo* for "sapping the country's moral strength." At that same university, a semi-secret society of students—*los tecotes* keeps the minds of the student body pure by enforcing the university dress code (short hair, white shirt and tie), exposing covert long-hairs wearing wigs, and staking out Soviet cultural exhibits to see if fellow students attend. The school's motto: "Dialogue [with the enemy] Is Cowardly."

It is not difficult to understand why a conservative government and an up-tight bourgeoisie try to suppress a counter-culture without first making an attempt to understand it. For the Left to make the same blunder, however, is both unfortunate and reactionary. By its dogmatic opposition, the Left limits its opportunities to co-opt the counter-culture. By joining in a critical chorus characterized by nationalistic appeals against "imitation," the Left identifies itself with the very forces it is organized to oppose—and reinforces attitudes inimical to its own social analysis. The result is that the internal criticism of the counter-culture is abandoned to rock-and-roll singers.

Reassuring itself that the movement is a passing fad

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and ignoring its radical character, the Left abstains from an area of potentially prime recruitment and ignores a vast reservoir of anti-authoritarian energy. The Left seems to have forgotten the adage that "the enemy of my enemy is my friend." The counter-culture, however, is unlikely to forget the adage's corollary: "The friend of my enemy is my enemy too." It is nearly as simple as that.

Certainly Mexican counter-culture is in need of meaningful criticism. Because it is new, its style is largely borrowed. So are its slogans, and they have a hollow ring. The "scene" in Mexico City itself is terribly fashionable, expensive and exclusive. One boggles at seeing a long-haired, bell-bottomed young aristocrat sipping a Margarita in the Zona Rosa while his sandals are shined by a ragged adolescent of the same age.

And, in a country where marijuana grows like crab grass, glue-sniffing is suddenly epidemic among the young poor who have not been taught to differentiate between drugs which alter consciousness and drugs which devour it. The casualties are just becoming visible.

At the same time, much constructive activity is going on. Communes of young Mexicans are forming up and down the West Coast, but especially near Puerto Angel and Puerto Escondido. Women have achieved a degree of freedom within the counter-culture that would have been much slower in arriving without it. Rock fiestas and dances are inherently democratic, and Mexico's rigid class barriers are at least temporarily erased by them. Similarly, expensive clothing (which reifies class differences) is unfashionable among the young outside the capital city, a fact which partially accounts for the movement's complex social make-up and, therefore, a large measure of its vitality.

One can see the effects of Mexico's painful cultural liberation in a number of small changes; a few examples may suffice to suggest its direction. To a considerable extent, some (now disappearing) personal habits of Mexicans were dictated by overtly racist preoccupations. Marijuana was, in large part, avoided because it was associated with Indians, Mexico's untouchables. Today, grass is as much a staple of the relatively classless Mexican counter-culture as it is of its American counterpart. Similarly, long hair was avoided by men because it was "Indian," while mustaches and beards were considered "Spanish." Long-haired American tourists and imported television serials have established different standards of appearance. In much the same way, Mexican women formerly declined to shave their legs because body hair was a mark of racial "purity," indicating that the hirsute person was of European descent and not derived from Indians. The result, matted beneath nylons, was less than appealing. Only recently has the custom begun to wane as more and more women prefer to be mistaken for attractive Indians than hairy Spaniards.

While none of this signals the advent of a Great Leveling, it does suggest that a kind of grass-roots evolution is taking place, a democratization at the service of style. Certainly this will not provide a solution to Mexico's disastrous problems, but it is a positive factor in the equation.

Nor is it likely that the counter-culture will single-handedly reverse Mexico's transformation into a servants' quarter for American tourism. It is not the function of a counter-culture to achieve hegemony. Instead, its value lies in being able to redefine the borders of tolerated behavior by violating mores which already exist; in providing a context and a refuge that directs and sustains society's discontents; and in establishing a second, cultural "front" to complement whatever radical political one may already exist. In all these things Mexico's counter-culture promises to be successful. Just how successful depends less upon itself than upon the overtures of that country's Left, and upon the vigor of those who would suppress it. □

PEACE: SLOGAN OR PLAN?

NIXON IGNORES ARMS CONVERSION

IRA KURZBAN
Mr. Kurzban is a research fellow at the Institute of Governmental Studies, the University of California, Berkeley. He was assisted by Mary Sapsis in the preparation of this article.

The phrase "changing national priorities" has become part of the political vocabulary in this country. While current public attention to the subject is due in part to the Presidential race and to numerous Congressional debates and hearings, it has also occurred because the nation is weary of war. The most recent discussions on priorities, provoked by inflation, high unemployment, and continuing deterioration of urban areas, have been undertaken in the context of a postwar transition period. Concern over national priorities inevitably raises questions about the possibility of converting a portion of the nation's military apparatus, particularly military-related industry, to productive and socially beneficial civilian work. Our ability to redirect national goals must depend, to a great extent, upon our ability to bear the social and economic costs and accept the necessary structural changes which must accompany the transformation from a wartime to a peacetime economy. However, the conversion of military-related industry to civilian production is dependent not only upon our *ability* to convert but also upon our *willingness* to do so. The burgeoning literature concerning the methods and opportunities that are available for national economic conversion suggests that in many industrial areas such a goal is indeed possible.

If a conversion process is to succeed, though, the magnitude of the task unquestionably requires a forceful commitment upon the part of government leaders. The success

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of any such program will rest not only on their ability to coordinate it but also on their ability to gain Congressional backing and the support of the American people. That being the case, the 1972 Presidential race offers an interesting contrast in ideas concerning the conversion of industry from military to civilian use.

Although George McGovern's defense program may not be as comprehensive a recasting of American military policy as some of his critics suggest, he has been a vocal advocate of the conversion of military industries to civilian use for almost a decade. Since 1963, McGovern has offered the Congress a number of bills that advocate a comprehensive conversion plan. His present bill, The National Peacetime Transition Act of 1971, would create a national commission, which would be chaired by the Secretary of Labor and include all members of the Cabinet, the chairmen of the AEC and the Council of Economic Advisers, the chief administrator of NASA, and the director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. The main thrust of the bill involves certain obligations for conversion planning to be assumed by military contractors. As a condition of fulfillment of new military contracts and renewals, extensions or adjustments of old contracts, military enterprises would be required to deposit with the commission 12.5 per cent of their before-tax profits from such contracts. The funds would be available to pay benefits to workers who suffer because military spending is reduced. This benefit structure is designed to replace actual income lost by a worker for as long as two years, provided only that the worker maintain his willingness to accept suitable employment and/or is enrolled in a retraining program.

The bill also seeks to combine this employee protection with an incentive for the employer to plan for the shifting of his workers and facilities into civilian production. It does this by requiring conversion planning, with the assistance of the commission staff, as a condition for military contract fulfillment and by allowing such deposited funds as remain to the contractor's credit to be returned to him, tax-free, after the transition has been completed. Thus, if a contractor does not plan effectively, he stands to lose his entire deposit through worker-benefit payments; if he completes the changeover effectively he may realize more gain than he would have if the required deposit had remained taxable income.

In contrast to George McGovern's advocacy of conversion, the Nixon Administration has barely entertained the idea of conversion on a national scale. One observer of the national scene, after questioning members of the Commerce and Labor Departments, the Council of Economic Advisers and various other governmental agencies on conversion planning, wrote in *The Weekly Bond Buyer*, "Incredible as it may seem, the Federal Government today does not have a single, comprehensive plan—or even a partially developed central idea—of how to help American industry to adjust to what is now being widely heralded as the 'coming era of peace' . . . there is no national economic plan to cope with the enormous problems of conversion."

The Administration appears, in fact, to be withdrawing support from two projects that are related to effecting conversion. The first is the technology utilization program of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, designed to aid in the transference of space technology to the civilian sector. While NASA's total budget plan for fiscal year 1973 represents an increase of $92.2 million over fiscal 1972, the budget for the technology utilization program has been cut by 20 per cent. A second "conversion" area from which the Administration has withdrawn support is the re-employment programs for now jobless aerospace and military industry personnel. Although the Department of Labor, in April 1971, developed a Technology Mobilization and Re-employment Program to aid these highly skilled employees, the Administration is known to be cold to a $1.8 billion technology conversion bill introduced by Senator Kennedy in the current session of Congress, which has similar but more ambitious goals.

A more devastating blow to the possibility of conversion has come from the renewed emphasis on military spending. The Administration has succeeded in subverting any plans for conversion by significantly increasing the military budget. It is clear from the nature of these increases and from recent changes in Pentagon procurement regulations that the White House is attempting to use military spending as a way to expand the economy. This policy is being implemented by increased military research and development; escalation of the arms race through the development and procurement of such weapons as the B-1 bomber, Multiple Independently Targeted Re-entry Vehicles (MIRV), and the Undersea Launched Missile System (ULMS); and the adoption of new Pentagon procurement regulations which specify guidelines for subcontractor payments and the maximum frequency rates for payments to prime contractors.

With respect to research and development, the Nixon Administration has enunciated its intent to maintain military superiority in technological capability through increased R&D. In a 1968 campaign speech, the President stated what was to become his Administration's position: "The real danger does not stem from existing weapons but from possible breakthroughs by the huge Soviet research and development establishment. The United States can afford to be selective in our own weapons only if we are resolute in maintaining a comprehensive lead on research and development. The belief that a static balance of power can be maintained, based on a common 'plateau' of technological achievement, ignores the volatile progress of science today, which is incomparably more rapid and variable than ever before."

This position has recently been reinforced by John S. Foster, director of Research, Development, Test and Evaluation Programs (RDT&E) for the Pentagon. Testifying before Congress in February, he stated, "The Soviets firmly believe that a strong national RDT&E program can provide the mechanism for their becoming the world's dominant economic, political and military power. It could be very unfortunate for the United States if inadequate support were given to the military RDT&E by which we maintain our slim and dwindling technological lead."

The result of such pressure has been an increase of $800 million in military R&D money, thus raising its

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total for fiscal 1973 to $9.4 billion. This increase is $100 million more than the increase for *all domestic* R&D programs in 1973. As matters now stand, the $5.4 billion allocated for all civilian R&D programs is only slightly more than half the allocation for military purposes. Even George Romney, a member of the President's Cabinet, expressed his dismay in testimony before the Subcommittee on Economy in Government during the 91st Congress at the disparity between the military R&D budget and funds for pressing urban needs: "Our priorities are out of order when the entire budget for *all* programs of the Department of Housing and Urban Development is less than one-half the research and development just of the Department of Defense."

The increase in funds for military research and development is of particular significance in that it usually heralds a much larger increase in the *procurement of weapons systems*. Accordingly, a short-term increase in R&D expenditures is really the beginning of a much greater financial commitment to military hardware. As General Gavin, in the Senate hearings on "Postwar Economic Conversion," has stated, the military "will cut research before they cut hardware procurement. This [cut in R&D] in turn will have implications in terms of less hardware procurement in future years."

But beyond an expanded military R&D, the Administration is also attempting to make long-term economic commitments to military industries through fiscal 1973 expenditures for major weapon systems. Paradoxically, the Administration has used the Strategic Arms Limitation Agreements as an argument for escalating the arms race. Secretary Laird, in what might courteously be termed circular reasoning, argued before both the Senate and House Appropriations Committees that the United States, after concluding the SALT agreements, "must now proceed with modernization of offensive strategic forces to provide an incentive for the Soviet Union to negotiate in the next phase of the talks and as a 'hedge' if the negotiations fail." Since the Secretary had presented virtually the same program and "strategy" *before* the first SALT agreements, one begins to question how effectively these agreements will limit the arms race.

The fiscal 1973 budget for the Department of Defense is, unquestionably, "fat." It provides for total obligational authority of $83.2 billion, an increase of $4.1 billion over last year's figure. Jack Anderson has suggested that part of this increase may be traced directly to the Office of the President, which on its own initiative increased certain sections of the military budget after it came from the Pentagon. According to Anderson, "The army will maintain 13 divisions, two more than the generals expected. Combat readiness will also be improved. . . . The Navy will get 55 more ships than the admirals finally requested. This will bring the fleet up to 600 ships. . . . The Air Force will get extra crews and spare parts. . . ."

The fiscal 1973 DOD budget reveals that the nation is being committed to the construction of at least two major weapon systems—the B-1 and the ULMS—which may cost in excess of $20 billion. We are also being committed to a host of other weapon systems such as the F-14A, the short-range attack missile (SRAM), the subsonic cruise armed decoy (SCAD), the airborne warning and control system (AWACS), the F-15, Minuteman 3 with MIRV warheads, and the S-3A anti-submarine-warfare patrol aircraft, all of which will cost $4.3 billion for fiscal 1973 alone. This figure does not include the $1.4 billion for the continuation of ABM and the testing of such exotic aircraft as the AX turbofan, being designed solely for counterinsurgency work. Further breakdown of the DOD's budget by functional categories reveals that the major emphasis is on strategic weapons. While most of the other categories have gained or lost a comparatively insignificant amount of funding, financial commitment to strategic forces in fiscal 1973 is $8.8 billion, an increase of $1.2 billion over fiscal 1972.

Picha, The Special (Brussels)

This type of procurement, it must be remembered, represents only a part of the cost of a weapon system. Each system creates an organizational apparatus to maintain and operate the technology. Richard F. Kaufman, chief counsel for the Joint Economic Committee, has pointed out that the ten-year operation-and-maintenance costs, for instance, of a modern airplane equal and sometimes exceed its procurement cost.

In addition to the enormous figures for military procurement contained in the 1973 budget, Secretary Laird, in

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recent testimony before Congress, declared that additional funds will be necessary for the war in Vietnam. Coupled with his suggestions that despite the SALT agreements, we would be able to reduce the military budget only by $550 million was his assertion that an additional $3 billion to $5 billion would be needed in the 1973 budget for expanded military activity in Vietnam. Thus it is evident that the expected economic peace dividend from "winding down the war" has failed to materialize. Instead, the Defense Department is asking for additional funds for combat operations, while at the same time transferring a significant portion of the "savings" from de-escalation to the strategic weapons program.

The Nixon plan to expand the economy through increased DOD spending, *despite* its inflationary character, is being warmly received by military contractors who see the potential for a new era of increased military sales. For the aerospace industry alone, sales for 1972 are expected to rise, at a minimum, to $23.1 billion (the 1971 total was $22.6 billion). Similarly, sales of military aircraft are expected to rise from $7.7 billion to $8.1 billion, and missile sales will go from $300 million to $5.3 billion. Boeing, sensing the upward trend, has recently launched a drive to recruit aerospace engineers, their first such move in almost three years. Ling-Temco-Vought, Inc., also sensing the Administration's long-range commitment to the military, has revamped its plans for ownership of L-T-V Aerospace. The original plan to hold only 62 per cent of L-T-V Aerospace's common stock has been scrapped, and L-T-V has decided to retain complete control over its aerospace subsidiary.

Fiscal 1973 Defense Department's budget, then, represents more than a significant increase in fiscal obligation for the coming year. Members of the Administration and leaders of military industries see it as the beginning of a long-term financial commitment to military programs. David Packard, former deputy director of Defense has commented that the new DOD budget represents an end to the "downtrend" in military spending, a sentiment confirmed by Robert C. Moot, Assistant Secretary of Defense (comptroller), who hailed the new 1973 commitment as "starting a new defense buildup."

Managements of military firms take the budget as an important sign for the future. The Electronic Industries Association, in a recent "Ten-Year Forecast of Government Markets," foresees a bright outlook for the shipbuilding industry "with expenditures rising from about $2.8 billion today to a peak of $3.6 billion in 1975. A recent McGraw-Hill report, "The American Economy, Prospects for Growth to 1985," suggests that military spending will increase over the next decade. The report concludes, "The low point for defense expenditures during the 15 years from 1970 to 1985 *was hit in 1971*. . . . We will continue to supply large quantities of defense equipment, as well as economic aid to other nations in an attempt to maintain balance of power in areas of tension." (Italics added.)

In its attempt to use military spending to stimulate the economy, the Administration has also initiated certain changes in the Pentagon's regulations regarding payment policies to military contractors. The new regulations, which become effective January 1, 1973, require prime contractors to make actual payments to subcontractors before claiming progress payments from the government; they also set a biweekly time period as the maximum frequency for payments to contractors by the government.

The regulation regarding prepayments to subcontractors is designed to increase the speed at which Pentagon expenditures can be dispersed through the economy. Since a large portion of the income generated by military spending is indirect, i.e., is generated from subcontractor work, the government's decision to use expenditures for weapon systems as a way to stimulate the economy was contingent upon its ability to insure a rapidly dispersed cash flow to subcontractors, who receive more than 40 per cent of income derived from military work.

The regulation which sets a biweekly period as the maximum frequency for payments to contractors was designed to force the contractor to go to private sources (banks, insurance companies) for equity capital. Over a period of four or five years this regulation, by forcing contractors to obtain some $700 million in loans, will provide a new, highly profitable market for those private sources.

The Administration, then, is moving away from any concerted effort to convert industry from military to civilian use and is instituting, instead, a program which will commit the nation to an extensive and expansive military policy. Like Lyndon Johnson before him, Nixon has studiously avoided the problems of conversion planning. Because these problems must be answered by an active redefinition of national goals and a significant restructuring of some of the major corporations in America, they have been considered politically too volatile to be seriously pursued.

But more than at any other time in the past decade, our nation now has the chance to initiate a real conversion program. Our decreasing direct military presence in Vietnam, coupled with a different perspective on the recently negotiated SALT agreements, *could* provide the necessary room to initiate the conversion of military industries on a national scale. Thus "changing national priorities" could herald the beginning of a new era of socially beneficial national development. Converted industries could begin to find solutions for the problems of housing, transportation and the inner cities. Instead of solely producing tactical and strategic weapons, aerospace and electronics companies could diversify into the fields of medical technology, oceanographic research and nonpollutant energy technologies.

The McGovern position and program in regard to the conversion of military industries for such civilian uses has been consistent over the past decade. His total defense program, calling for cutbacks in nonessential military expenditures, along with conversion planning which includes compensatory spending, is the first comprehensive attempt to pursue actively the redirection of military industry into these and other productive and socially beneficial national priority areas. In this election year, the conversion of industry from military to civilian use is an issue of great importance to the electorate. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Who? Jes Grew? Like Topsy? No, Not Like Topsy

MUMBO JUMBO. *By Ishmael Reed. Doubleday & Co. 223 pp. $6.95.*

JERRY H. BRYANT
Mr. Bryant is the author of The Open Decision: The Contemporary American Novel and Its Intellectual Background *(Free Press). He will be lecturing on American literature at the University of Copenhagen during the current academic year.*

Reading the work of Ishmael Reed is a special experience. It's like moving through the nightmare world of William Burroughs permeated by the crackbrained whimsy of Max Shulman. Slimy "things" grow in undefrosted refrigerators. Heads of state commit gleeful sodomy in motel basements. Generals talk like pansies, and dictators like Brooklyn truck drivers. Crazy names pop up—Bukka Doopeyduk, Eclair Porkchop, Theda Doompussy Blackwell, the Loop Garoo Kid.

Mumbo Jumbo is not quite the same thing we got in *The Free-Lance Pallbearers* (1967) and *Yellow Back Radio Broke-Down* (1969). Those were acerb parodies of various aspects of American life, created with unquenchable good humor. The first ridiculed America's ruling power elite—the men in the White House, the Pentagon and the executive suites of our great corporations. The second made fun of the myth of the American West, and "corrected" the traditional Christian story, revealing that Satan, who appears as the Loop Garoo Kid, was actually badly treated by a slatternly Mary, a tipsy "Old Man," and an egotistical Jesus. *Mumbo Jumbo* has a somewhat more serious tone, and that is its main weakness. Reed becomes too much of an advocate of black glory, claiming for the black race their many "firsts," and asserting their natural superiority. Such self-congratulatory chest thumping calls attention to itself and undermines the satiric objectivity with which Reed approached his targets in his first two novels.

But on the whole *Mumbo Jumbo* is as effective a piece of satire as are its two very effective predecessors. There are the same exaggerated characters engaged in zany doings. PaPa LaBas runs the Mumbo Jumbo Kathedral, which specializes in HooDoo and new dance steps. Biff Musclewhite is the curator of New York's "Art Detention Centers." Hinckle Von Vampton, ex-Knight Templar, writes headlines for the New York *Sun*. Schlitz, "the Sarge of Yorktown," is a gang leader out to overthrow the black mobster Buddy Jackson. And there is the same wacky Pop style, with its accumulated adjectives and playful jargon, merged here and there with authentic lyricism. The setting is the 1920s, and the first paragraph thrusts us waist-high into the corn of the era:

> A True Sport, the Mayor of New Orleans, spiffy in his patent-leather brown and white shoes, his plaid suit, the Rudolph Valentino parted-down-the middle hair style, sits in his office. Sprawled upon his knees is Zuzu, local doo-wack-a-doo and voo-do-dee-odo fizgig. A slatternly floozy, her green, sequined dress quivers.

This is camp with a black cant to it. But why the 1920s? Reed is really a historical novelist. It's just that he doesn't write historical novels the way they used to. And for him the 1920s is a critical and symbolic period in the history of the confrontation between American blacks and whites. In *Mumbo Jumbo* he attempts to interpret—or rather reinterpret—that period through fiction, though *fiction* is not really the word to describe this work. Unlike fiction, it contains graphics, some twenty-two pictures—photographs, drawings, symbols, signs—that function not to illustrate scenes from the plot, as in the romantic novels of years ago, but to reinforce visually a point or a feeling conveyed by the words in the text. It also contains a pseudo-academic system of quotes and footnotes, even a bibliography at the end. Sometimes Reed himself intrudes parenthetically. The graphics are nearly always successful, adding a humorous pungency to the ridicule or invective. The quotes and footnotes are seldom successful. They often seem gratuitous and pretentious. Yet, both techniques serve Reed's purpose. *Mumbo Jumbo* has the texture of a weird history book.

Two historical "events" are the book's main focus: the dance craze of the flapper era and the dispatch of the Marines to Haiti in 1920 by Woodrow Wilson. The aim of *Mumbo Jumbo* is to "explain" them. Why should America suddenly, after World War I, have been swept with the irresistible impulse to dance, especially in the extroverted way of that period? At last we have the answer. It was a manifestation of "Jes Grew." This is a phrase coined by James Weldon Johnson to refer to the songs that "jes' grew" up among black people, belonging to no one and everyone. Reed sees a historical significance in the phrase. It stands for the quality of natural spontaneity and joy and rhythm innate in the black spirit. It makes one want to dance, to shout, to carry on "like any old coon wench with a bass drum." To America's white leaders, this phenomenon among the white as well as the black people, is a dangerous "infestation," a threat to the purity of Western civilization. They must keep it from reaching pandemic proportions or the white tradition is lost, and along with it white control. So Wilson had to send the Marines to Haiti. He had to destroy what the white leadership thought to be the point of origin of Jes Grew.

These are farcical, but attractively imaginative, reinterpretations of history. We acknowledge in them a kind of figurative truth that goes beyond the facts. But occasionally Reed either fails to make his satire clear or abdicates the role of satiric observer. He asks us to accept the "truth" of the outlandish in a more than figurative way. For example, he traces Woodrow Wilson's sickness to VooDoo vengeance for the invasion of Haiti, and Warren Harding's death to the powers behind the Presidency who felt he had too much sympathy for blacks. It isn't that Reed advances such explanations but that he treats them with an inappropriate seriousness that violates satiric decorum. In destroying that decorum, he destroys, at these points, the reader's confidence in the steadiness of his hand and the consistency of his attitude.

Again, however, these flaws are minor in the context of the whole work, for what Reed gives us in *Mumbo Jumbo* is a concept of the relationship between history and fiction that is timely and useful. He synthesizes a good deal that has been recently said on the subject, addressing himself to the preoccupation of many blacks with their tribal past and with the art forms of their African and slave forebears. From *Mumbo Jumbo*, as well as Reed's other writings, we can piece together a kind of syllogism explaining the reason for so many black writers' concern with their history. A sense of identity is the prerequisite of self-respect. There can be no such sense without memory. The most effective

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OBSTINATE FAITH

Branch-lingering oakleaves, dry
brown over gray snowglare,
make of a gust of wind
an instrument, to play
'spring rain.'

Denise Levertov

means of preserving memory is the texts of history. The task of the black writer, the novelist and poet no less than the historian, is to correct the distortions of white historians, to recover the black past for the black man, and to transmit that past to the masses in their own language.

Many black novels in the last twenty years have had a historical pivot —Ellison's *Invisible Man*, Baldwin's *Go Tell It on the Mountain*, Kelley's *A Different Drummer*, Gaines's *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*, Williams' *Captain Blackman*—all of them operating to explain or create a past for the contemporary black awareness. Reed's novels, of course, are nothing like these more conventional ones. Rather than putting his fictional characters in a recognizable past, he evokes history through allusion. Historical figures and events become fictional figures and events, and vice versa, in a present which contains all time. All of Reed's novels contain unexpected and deliberately contrived anachronisms. This gives his work the flatness of medieval religious drama, in which contemporary shepherds witness Biblical events occurring hundreds of years before. Reed blurs factual and fictional distinctions as well as temporal ones. It is his compelling way of stating a commonplace: that the differences between history and fiction are only superficial, and that beneath the surface they share the same function—to embody the truth, whether it be factual or not, whether part of present events or past history.

One of the distinctive features of Reed's vision is that the writer who performs this function takes on the aspect of a demon for the white man, especially when he wrests from the white man the power to interpret his own racial identity. For from Reed's point of view, the white man has a vested interest in maintaining the historical "falsities" that serve his profit. Reed says that the white man sees the black writer as a practitioner of HooDoo, witchcraft, magic, whose very words are a challenge to the Western view and therefore a Satanic threat to the holy tradition. The emerging black artist seizes upon these fears and exploits them. He not only acknowledges his association with HooDoo; he enthusiastically embraces it, for it is his pipeline to the powers of the hidden world the Western tradition has sought to suppress. Magically he conjures up new artistic forms exactly designed to bear his new meanings. He feels that history is with him, that to be discredited by the white man tells him he is on the right track, because, as a character says in *Yellow Back Radio*, "the demons of the old religion are becoming the Gods of the new."

Mumbo Jumbo is about the *near* success of that transformation from old to new in the 1920s, an "explanation" of why Jes Grew didn't reach pandemic proportions and change the face of America at that time. The reason Reed advances is as imaginative as his dissection of the Christian myth in *Yellow Back Radio*, and as important to the conception of black art as the work of Amiri Baraka. Jes Grew, says Reed, is an energy in search of a form, by means of which it can survive and flourish: "It must find its Speaking or strangle on its own ineloquence." The artist must provide that Speaking, the "liturgy" that is to become the voice of the ancient but heretofore mute consciousness. It is only through such a form that the sacred energy can be preserved and by which it can mutate into more forms as a testament of its inexhaustible variety. The failure of Jes Grew in the 1920s didn't result from Wilson's sending the Marines to Haiti or from anything else the whites did. It failed because blacks didn't provide a Speaking equal to the power of Jes Grew. It's impossible not to see in this a reference to the Harlem Renaissance, and to read in it a suggestion that the literary art of that movement didn't provide forms that came up to those emerging from the Jes Grew musicians in New Orleans and Chicago. The total potential of black energy was not tapped.

This is an inference from the novel. We may carry it further. The trouble with the writers of the Harlem Renaissance was that they mistakenly sought to embody their energy in the liturgical forms of the white tradition, dooming their efforts from the start. The ending of *Mumbo Jumbo* suggests that the current upsurge of artistic activity among black artists is guided by an impulse more favorable to Jes Grew, the determination to reject white forms and recall black. What failed in the 1920s seems to be succeeding in the 1960s and 1970s.

If this seems didactic, there is tattered explanation for it. Beneath the laughter of every satirist lies the soul of the reformer and moralist, who simply can't refrain from teaching. As a moralist, Reed is offended not only by the obvious wrongs associated with the white use of blacks in America but with the abuse of reason and humanity by any powerful vested interest. He has a deep suspicion of nearly all institutions created by men and then piously worshipped by those who profit from them. The Loop Garoo Kid remarks that people "are getting sick of daddies. You know—'thou shalt have no other before me'—Tsars, Monarchs, and their deadly insidious flunkies."

Reed teaches through caricature, not of prominent personalities but of types, movements, attitudes. He's not so much interested in the excitement of the story or the passions of his characters as in the nature of American society and its opinions, and he excels in inventing forms through which the "'truth" about these things can be revealed. In *The Free-Lance Pallbearers*, the diarrhea of "democratically" elected dictator Harry Sam is equated to the waste generated by America's consumerism. In *Yellow Back Radio*, "Field Marshall" Theda Doompussy Blackwell's hunger for the land of the 19th-century American West represents the power mania of the 20th-century Pentagon.

Reed has a prodigious talent for such image making. It's the core of his effectiveness and importance. As in so much satire, his unusual metaphors appeal to our intellect rather than our emotions. We are swayed by their ingenuity and by the degree to which they reveal something new to us rather than by the way they involve us in the characters' lives. As Reed sees it, metaphor is that "Speaking" through which Jes Grew reveals itself and grows strong, and *Mumbo Jumbo* contains one of his most delightful revelatory metaphors. It is a story of Set, Isis and Osiris, the Knights Templar, and their part in the Jes Grew phenomenon, told by his central character, PaPa LaBas. Its function is to "explain" the relationship between Jes Grew and the whole history of black and white in the Western world. It deserves a lengthy summary.

Osiris learns to dance from the black teachers in Nyas, who imbue him with the joy and humor that dance both embodies and generates. Thoth persuades Osiris to record his dances so they won't get lost, and the book that Thoth produces becomes the ark holding those rituals. This is the first form Jes Grew takes. From that time in the ancient past, the "Text" of Jes Grew becomes an object of jealousy and greed. Men fight for it. It passes from hand to hand. Moses gets it, but when he is unable to employ it authentically, he buries it in the Temple of Solomon. Later, in the Middle Ages, when the Knights Templar raid the Temple, they recover the book. Their temperament is antithetical to that of Osiris, but one of them, Hinckle Von Vampton, recognizes that possession of

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this Osirian "tabernacle" secures to its owner a virtually illimitable power over the black race, emotional descendants of the Osirian spirit the Knights Templar find so repugnant. Hinckle escapes the fate of his comrades when the order is dissolved and its members executed or imprisoned. He lives in Europe until 1890, when he comes to America. At that time, Jes Grew erupted in a few small explosions, but the time then was even less ripe than it would be later in the 1920s. Afraid that an enemy order will steal the Text and rob him of the opportunity of reviving his old fraternity, Hinckle distributes the book in parts. But it gets into the hands of a militant black, who is afflicted with the same narrowness of vision as the whites. Disgusted by its language, he burns it.

This is Reed's own myth, a contemporary black folk tale, created especially for our era. In his own distinctive way, Reed blurs the boundaries between pagan mythology, Biblical and secular history, and fiction. The result is a form embodying something more than the sum of its parts. It's the "true" spiritual history of the black race, black in its emotional tone as well as its form and point of view. Moreover, it illustrates a critically important quality of the black spirit, its inextinguishability. However important are the forms by which Jes Grew is known and practiced, they are expendable. The burning of the Osirian Texts—i.e., the failure of Jes Grew in the 1920s—didn't preclude a resurgence of the phenomenon in our period. Jes Grew doesn't die; only its forms can be destroyed. Wherever Jes Grew is allowed to come forth, forms will spring up, and then there will be dancing and shouting and the beating of bass drums.

Others who have expressed similar sentiments have sounded sophomoric at best, ill-humored and pugnacious at worst. Reed, however, wins us over by the breadth of his allusions and the seeming inexhaustibility of his imagination. He's impressively inventive, consistently experimental, and determined to make his experiments work for a useful intellectual and social purpose. *Mumbo Jumbo* tells us that in his work, Jes Grew will enjoy a long period in the daylight. □

Two Views of French Radicalism

REVOLUTIONARY SYNDICALISM AND FRENCH LABOR: A Cause Without Rebels. *By Peter Stearns. Rutgers University Press. 175 pp. $9.*

REVOLUTIONARY SYNDICALISM IN FRANCE: The Direct Action of Its Time. *By F. F. Ridley. Cambridge University Press. 279 pp. $13.*

RICHARD W. FOX

Mr. Fox is doing graduate work at Stanford, specializing in the history of the Second International. He is also writing a study of Morris Hillquit.

The wave of French worker-student protest in 1968 has left in its wake an excited scholarly search for the roots of that radicalism, especially in the decade prior to World War I. It was in that period of industrial consolidation that the Confédération Générale du Travail, France's chief labor federation, representing about half of the organized workers, officially embraced revolutionary syndicalism. That loose collection of principles and attitudes included antipathy toward the state, toward political action (including that of the Marxists), toward bourgeois intellectuals in the Socialist movement, and a belief in the general strike as the method of reordering and decentralizing power around the factory and workshop.

Peter Stearns would like to show that however revolutionary the rhetoric of syndicalist leaders in these years, not even a "dynamic minority" of the workers themselves were demonstrably syndicalist. Here he challenges the standard view that French labor as a whole was distinctly revolutionary at this time. To show that a part of the labor movement was syndicalist, Stearns argues, one must identify a uniquely syndicalist mode of behavior among masses of workers; it is not enough to analyze the theories of publicists or the declarations of CGT congresses. And to get at mass behavior he studies French strike activity, concluding that in their frequency, degree of spontaneity, violence, and duration, French strikes were influenced not by syndicalism but by economic conditions. Nonsyndicalist unions, for example, sometimes engaged in more violent strikes than those led by syndicalists. Therefore, French workers were not notably syndicalist; indeed they had a "remarkably positive attitude toward industrialization," and "made the basic bargain that industrialization requires of its servants."

But nowhere does Stearns justify his assumption that syndicalism requires different strike behavior than reformist trade unionism. Syndicalists surely gave a different *meaning* to the strikes they conducted—they were a *manoeuvre préparatoire* for the general strike of the future—but they did not necessarily conduct them in, for example, a more violent manner than nonsyndicalists. Indeed, it could equally well be argued that if nonsyndicalist unions engaged in violent direct action, they were to that extent influenced by syndicalist tactics. Stearns has assembled valuable comparative data on strikes, but those data are incapable of measuring rank-and-file commitment to syndicalism—i.e., the *meaning* workers gave to their strikes. "Symbolic" behavior cannot be readily measured in history.

Moreover, his distinction between the leaders' "abstract rhetoric" and the concrete behavior of the rank and file—the latter being determined, he feels, by economic conditions—is too wooden. He does not consider that an ideology like syndicalism may lie behind, inform, and even stimulate concrete behavior; that indeed the very fact that revolutionary syndicalism received the sanction of a primary trade union federation only in France may tell us something substantial about the *relative* sympathy French workers had for syndicalism. Stearns has it that "most workers were not significantly moved by the great revolutionary tradition. It is absurd to assume that they were shaped by formal ideas . . . ," since "many observers noted that French workers read little and had scant knowledge of politics." Apparently Stearns believes that French workers of the period had little memory of the 20,000 dead of

LIKE A BEACH

Even the unlived life within us
Is worth examining.
Maybe it is all we have.
The rest is burned up
Like coal or fuel in the furnace.
But the unlived life
Stretches within us like a beach.
There is a gull's shadow on it.
Or it is at night and the moon
Crusts the sand.
Or it is a house at night
With people talking in the next room
Over cards.

You believe
In these observations?
Doesn't the sea sweep in,
The action begin in the house
At night, the voices of the players
Loud in argument,
Their motives, their needs,
Turbulent as the sea?
Whose happiness
Even here
Is being sacrificed?

Harvey Shapiro

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the Paris Commune in 1871, and that the rhetoric with which their leaders bombarded them had no relation to formal ideas.

In contrast, the strength of the Ridley volume lies in the author's insight that syndicalism was not first formulated as a doctrine or a program, but rather was initially a concrete labor movement comprising both ideology (Stearns's "rhetoric") and action. Moreover, the movement was a "patchwork quilt" of differing, even contradictory, strategies and tactics. From the very beginning, immediate reforms and ultimate revolution coexisted as syndicalist goals. Neither the grand theorist Sorel, whose actual links to the movement were minimal, nor the movement theorists (Griffuelhes, Pouget, Yvetot and Delesalle) agree on a systematic syndicalist doctrine. Syndicalist theory in all its confusion emerged from the motley struggles of the movement.

Ridley's insight that action (Stearns's "behavior") is inseparable from an ideology which, perhaps only partly consciously, informs it, allows him to assess more judiciously than Stearns the revolutionary nature of the syndicalist strike. "The character of the syndicalist strike," he writes,

> did not depend entirely upon the conscious value that workers placed upon it. The C.G.T. had clearly expressed revolutionary aims, the complete transformation of society. Even when the apparent motive was immediate reform within the capitalist system, the strike acquired a revolutionary function because of those aims. . . .

Ridley agrees with Stearns that it is impossible to estimate the number of syndicalist workers in France. But while Stearns supposes that outwardly "reformist" behavior on the part of syndicalist unions exposes their syndicalism as mere rhetoric, Ridley argues, correctly it seems to me, that syndicalism was for many workers an *idée reçue*: the general strike, the culminating act of class war, was most of the time

> probably no more than a hazy picture at the back of their minds, receding as their attention turned to questions of more immediate interest, until almost forgotten, but occasionally, at the height of battle, in the great nationwide movements of strike and agitation, when the class war was seen most sharply, the picture grew bright and clear again, suddenly giving a wider revolutionary significance to a campaign that was perhaps reformist in intention, stimulating the participants to carry it beyond the limits of action associated with merely reformist demands.

The Ridley volume, for its insight into the symbolic level of worker behavior and its systematic rendering of the very unsystematic syndicalist doctrine, is the best book available on the distinctive French radicalism of the prewar period. □

Inflation: Controls or Antitrust

THE CLOSED ENTERPRISE SYSTEM. *By Mark J. Green with Beverly C. Moore, Jr., and Bruce Wasserman. Grossman Publishers. 488 pp. $8.95.*

JOHN M. BLAIR
Formerly chief economist of the Senate Antitrust Subcommittee, Mr. Blair is now professor of economics, University of South Florida, and the author of the recently published Economic Concentration: Structure, Behavior, and Public Policy *(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich).*

When on August 15, 1971, President Nixon astounded friend and foe alike by imposing controls on wages and prices, he was reacting to a political necessity born of a harsh economic reality. The necessity was the impossibility of political survival in the face of a continuation of rising prices coupled with rising unemployment. The economic reality was "perverse price flexibility"—the practice by large firms in concentrated industries of raising prices in the face of falling demand. This anomalous behavior, first noted in the recessions of 1954 and 1958, made a shambles of Nixon's efforts to contain inflation in 1969-70 by restrictive monetary and fiscal measures. Succeeding only in producing a recession while, if anything, aggravating inflation, they were finally jettisoned, it is to be hoped, for good.

But while the necessity for action is understandable, the form which controls have now taken leaves much to be desired. The area of the economy to which they have been applied is much too large; the use of profits in relation to sales, rather than profits in relation to investment as the standard for price controls, is irrational from an economic point of view; the inherent acceptance of the principle of "cost-plus" bodes ill for the future efficiency of American firms and their ability to compete in world markets; and finally there has been an inexplicable failure to couple measures to control monopoly power with steps to dissolve it.

Though generally considered only of long-run benefit to the economy, the promotion of competition in key industries, such as petroleum, steel and automobiles, would be a better way of arresting inflation than the imposition of controls, with results that would be more immediate, more certain and more lasting. This is the major conclusion which emerges from a careful reading of *The Closed Enterprise System.* The latest in the Nader series on government agencies, the book is intended as a critique of the enforcement (or more specifically the nonenforcement) of the antitrust laws. But its real significance lies in revealing the far-reaching potential of antitrust, if not suppressed from on top.

It would take only a stroke of the pen by the President to bring down the price of gasoline 4¢ and the price of heating oil 5¢ a gallon. He would only need find that the oil import quotas are no longer necessary for "national security." Indeed, by requiring the country to exhaust its own limited domestic supplies in time of peace, the oil quotas are actually imperiling our national security. In 1970 the majority of a Cabinet Committee appointed by Nixon and headed by Secretary Shultz recommended that quotas be replaced by a more liberal tariff policy. Declining to accept their recommendation, the President called for further study by a new group, the Oil Policy Committee of which Shultz was significantly not made a member. Showing real insight into what actually happens within an antitrust agency, the authors write:

> Division Attorney John Lamont had been the Justice Department's staff representative on inter-agency oil committees, also doing work for the Shultz study. McLaren removed him from future inter-agency oil work, a move which the staff familiar with the problem attribute to Lamont's persuasiveness and hostility to such giveaways as the oil import quota. With Lamont out of the way, the Oil Policy Committee decided in February, 1970, to discontinue "consideration of moving to a tariff system of control."

With respect to steel, Senator Kefauver repeatedly urged the antitrust agencies to give the courts an opportunity to decide whether simultaneous and identical price increases by producers with differing costs and substantial unused capacity did not constitute sufficient evidence to establish a violation of the Sherman Act or the Federal Trade Commission Act. Not only was such a case never brought, but there is reason to believe that the Antitrust Division was in possession of more direct and damaging evidence. According to the

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authors, this evidence concerned eight producers of steel sheets, representing an annual volume of business double the amount involved in the famous electrical machinery cases. An article in the *Yale Law Journal*, cited by the authors, stated:

> The investigation process lasted nearly two years and cost the Government hundreds of thousands of dollars. The case was considered among the most important of recent antitrust prosecutions: the Government was particularly interested in establishing price-fixing in order to discredit the theory that fluctuations in steel prices were the natural by-products of price leadership unaffected by agreements among the members of the industry. And, according to a Government attorney, the activities of the defendants had "one of the greatest impacts (on the economy) in recent antitrust history."

Unhappily, the then head of the Antitrust Division, Donald Turner, declined to press for either a guilty plea or trial, accepting instead a *nolo contendere* plea with an insignificant penalty. The effect of a price-fixing suit in moderating the steel industry's insatiable appetite for higher prices would of course be strengthened if the President were to abrogate the current "voluntary" cartel agreements limiting the flow of steel imports into this country. Although "approved" by the Secretary of State, there is no legal authorization whatever for either the agreements or their official sanction.

It has long been recognized that any effort to restore competition in the automobile industry requires the dissolution of General Motors. From within the Antitrust Division the authors uncovered a 61-page memorandum and a 106-page complaint proposing to do just that. Prepared in 1966 and never released publicly, the complaint traced General Motors' growth to such factors as mergers, its policy of prohibiting dealers from handling competitive lines, and its introduction of costly annual model changes which not even the largest of its competitors can afford. But Assistant Attorney General Turner refused to accept the recommendation that G.M. be required "to reconstitute itself into a sufficiently large number of companies to accomplish a restoration of competition," and no case was ever brought. Since General Motors is an efficient company (though much larger than the minimal efficient size) its dissolution would probably result in higher costs. But these diseconomies should be more than offset by a great reduction in the enormous waste connected with annual model changes; by the creation of new and certainly more receptive users of new technologies so sorely needed by the industry; and by the elimination of an industry leader whose prices regularly exceed its costs by an amount sufficient to yield an annual rate of return on investment of 20 per cent, after taxes.

Holding down prices is not the only contribution of antitrust. There is, for example, the matter of air pollution. On October 12, 1964, Ralph Nader complained to the Antitrust Division that the motor vehicle manufacturers "had been engaged in a concentrated effort not to compete with one another to improve automotive . . . pollution controls." After a preliminary inquiry, a grand jury was called. According to an internal summary of its investigation which the authors were able to ferret out of the division:

> The evidence adduced before the Grand Jury clearly developed that the signatories to the cross-licensing agreement had the following understandings and agreements . . .: (*A*) not to publicize competitively any solution to the motor vehicle air pollution problem; (*B*) to adopt a uniform date for announcement of the discovery of any air pollution control device; and (*C*) to install devices only on an agreed date.

Although the agreement was apparently effective for twelve years in holding back the voluntary development and installation of anti-pollution devices, Turner opposed the return of criminal indictments on the curious ground that agreeing to withhold a new technology is a lesser crime than agreeing to fix prices on the product of an existing technology. The remaining civil charge was then disposed of by his successor, McLaren, with a virtually meaningless consent order.

The Closed Enterprise System has been criticized on the ground that it is nothing more than another recapitulation of the well-known hard times and vicissitudes of antitrust. But in tracing through the history of important cases *within* the Antitrust Division the book makes an important contribution to knowledge. True, it has its flaws, though they are less evident than in the previous "Nader" works with which this reviewer is familiar. There is still an overuse of colorful *Time-Life* language; borrowings are made from earlier works, not always acknowledged nor even artfully paraphrased; and the whole work is permeated with a tone of moral self-righteousness which even the most sympathetic reader may find difficult to take. But what Mark Green and the associate authors have brought out makes it clear why, along with the power to tax, the power to enforce competition is the most important and certainly the most bitterly resisted domestic function of government. □

After That One Great Innovator

THE NEW NOVEL: From Queneau to Pinget. *By Vivian Mercier. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 432 pp. $10.*

TOM BISHOP

Mr. Bishop is professor of French and comparative literatures at New York University, and head of the Department of French and Italian. He has published studies of Giraudoux, Cocteau and Anouilh, and written extensively on the French theatre and French fiction, including articles on the "New Novel."

Since French literature is by far the most widely read foreign language literature in the United States, it is really quite remarkable how relatively little is known here about the so-called "New Novel"—the leading expression of French fiction in the past two decades. The *nouveau roman* is no fad, no fashionable intellectual game; it represents the logical transposition to the novelistic genre of modern currents of perception and structure that have penetrated other forms of artistic and even nonartistic thought and expression. As a result, the leading "new" French novelists—Alain Robbe-Grillet, Michel Butor, Nathalie Sarraute, Claude Simon—deserve fully as dedicated a readership as earlier 20th-century French masters of fiction: Proust, Gide, Malraux, Céline, Sartre, Camus. They have shown themselves more than mere experimentalists although their often radical treatment of narrative techniques may prove to be their most lasting contribution. And if the "New Novel's" difficulty discourages some readers, it is merely that the novel, no more than any other truly contemporary art form, cannot hope to express today's complex realities without rejecting outdated modes of realism proper to the previous century which invented them. To be sure, the current crop of French writers *also* claim to represent reality, not the pseudo-replica of social and psychological facts so dear to Balzac and Zola but the shifting, elusive reality of an age of relativity, a reality whose ultimate embodiment is not the life described by fiction but the fiction itself.

Thanks to Vivian Mercier's *The New Novel: From Queneau to Pinget*, the

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AFTER MONTALE

Bring me the sunflower, insane with light
Bring me the sunflower, let me plant it
In my earth burnt to silt
Let it show to the sky

blue mirrors
The anxiety of its yellow face

What is dark turns toward clarity
Exhausts itself in a flood of colors
Like music—& to disappear
Is the gambler's dream

You, bring me the flower that leads me
Its gold transparent, to the place
where life goes up like a vapor, an essence—

Frank Kuenstler

American reader now has a clear, competent guide through the labyrinths of the most interesting, the most demanding, and the most rewarding French novels of the past twenty years, the major innovations in the craft of fiction in this third quarter of the century. Aimed not at the specialist but at the cultured Anglo-Saxon reading public still largely unfamiliar with the current French vogue, Mr. Mercier's work is a lucid, stylish and sophisticated yet totally unpretentious initiation into the theories and major achievements of the genre. What makes it so useful and in fact so admirable is Vivian Mercier's ability to render the complex comprehensible, to show the reader a path leading to a possible understanding of the novels under discussion without ever reducing them or denaturing them.

The barely 40 pages of his introductory chapter suffice for Mercier to set out the basic aspects of the New Novel, to present its leading exponents as well as its main precursors, and to assess its achievements. It is a model introduction in its level-headed simplicity, its sharp analyses of essential themes and techniques and its urbane wit. Starting from the provocative premise that "In the first half of the twentieth century . . . France was the homeland of a number of competent nineteenth-century novelists and one great innovator—Marcel Proust," the American critic refers to the need for modernizing the genre: "Each of our New Novelists had somewhat different reasons for quarreling with the 'old' novel —besides the excellent reason that it was old." Leaving specific discussion of each writer for subsequent chapters, he describes and deciphers in the introduction the salient features of the New Novel: skepticism about the existence of any reality; self-consciousness (in the literal sense of the word, that is, insofar as the novels refer back to themselves, to the work of art in the process of being created); the downgrading of plot, characterization, chronology; the predilection for detailed descriptions of inanimate objects in marked contrast to the lack of definition given to characters; the narrative (often in the first person singular) sharply limited to the field of vision of the narrator, in direct opposition to the omniscient—and omnipotent—storyteller in the traditional, realistic novel of former days who was godlike and implausible in his control of people and events.

Having explained the ground rules, Mercier wants his reader not merely to understand the New Novel but to savor it. He leads us over the hurdle of initial disorientation by helping us assume that exacting yet rewarding role of the active reader without whose *positive* collaboration—not merely the passive acceptance of a supposedly objective fictional universe but the active reconstruction of fluid perceptions into the texture of subjective reality—the novel could not exist. The links established to Flaubert, Proust, Raymond Roussel (almost entirely unknown in the United States but posthumously recognized in France as a seminal figure), Kafka, Beckett and particularly Joyce, not only describe the ancestors of the *nouveau roman* but also guide the reader along possible avenues of approach. Mercier's intimate knowledge of Joyce's work especially (much more extensive than that of most *French* critics of the New Novel) provides unusually keen insights, although it tends at times to get in the way as a too frequent point of reference.

The body of *The New Novel: From Queneau to Pinget* consists of seven chapters, each devoted to one writer, proceeding generally from a penetrating, detailed analysis of the most important work, clarifying the complex interaction of narrative and structure, to a less rigorous though still illuminating discussion of the rest of the *oeuvre*. Included in the seven are the most famous four—Robbe-Grillet, Butor, Sarraute and Simon—who "may be said to have selected themselves for study here," plus three less obvious, more personal choices —Raymond Queneau, Claude Mauriac and Robert Pinget. Their inclusion, if not controversial, is nevertheless uncommonly useful since it draws attention to three literary figures who merit a broader audience in the United States.

Queneau, best remembered for his hilarious phonetic manipulations of slang in *Zazie* a dozen years ago and his linguistic stylistic pyrotechnics in *Exercises in Style*, is more truly a precursor than a practitioner of the New Novel. It was his first and best novel, *Le Chiendent*, published in 1933 (though surprisingly, the English and American translations entitled *The Bark-Tree* were not done until 1968 and 1971 respectively!) that is most closely linked to current French approaches. Although it is unlikely that Queneau influenced the new novelists, several of his works—and most of all *Le Chiendent*—are astonishingly anticipatory of the fresh texture given to reality and imagination in their writings two and three decades later. Mercier's high esteem for this major figure of French letters is perfectly understandable.

More puzzling is his dogged admiration for Claude Mauriac, the son of the late Nobel Prize winner, François Mauriac. While the younger Mauriac's technical virtuosity is generally acknowledged, he is seldom considered original nor of first-magnitude stature by the most acute commentators on modern French letters. To claim that he has contributed "something without parallel in the history of the novel," namely a constant, inner-directed critique of his own novels, is to maximize Mauriac's method while minimizing his coldly mechanistic approach whose cerebral appeal remains essentially bloodless.

But there can be no quarrel with the praise lavished on Robert Pinget; underappreciated even in France and enjoying a quasi-total anonymity in the English-speaking world, he is one of the truly creative forces in the French novel. Pinget's fictional universe structured around an inner cosmogony as tangible as Proust's, is a strange world *sui generis*, ensnaring the willing, captive reader until he is submerged by its quicksands of shifting realities. Pinget's irony, his feeling for dialogue that circles around "truths" without ever seizing them, his magnification and multiplication of details that explode objective reality as

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much as the diametrically opposite technique (e.g., Beckett's or Ionesco's) that *reduces* disparate elements to basic patterns—all these are unmistakable signs of one of the original voices of our era.

The works of Robbe-Grillet, Butor, Sarraute and Simon are somewhat more familiar to Americans although the last of these is still inadequately appreciated here. Mercier is at the height of his critical power as he leads us through the complexities of what he deems their major novels: respectively, *Jealousy, A Change of Heart, The Golden Fruits* and *The Flanders Road*. Even readers who are well acquainted with these books will find much to satisfy them. For instance, Mercier's discussion of *A Change of Heart* focuses on the intersecting time relationships around which the protagonist's modification of plans is organized (the original French title is *La Modification*) while recognizing that Butor's novel, Proustian and Faulknerian in flavor, is less innovative than many others. In Simon's case, Mercier is exceptionally acute in tracing the structural skeleton serving *The Flanders Road*, as well as in isolating and explaining the subtle associative processes which dictate the constant, anarchic shifts of Simon's prose in a stream-of-consciousness-like movement.

There are very few bones to pick with *The New Novel: From Queneau to Pinget*. Its admitted lack of philosophic orientation may be more an advantage than a hindrance in view of the deadly jargon so frequently flaunted by more philosophically trained critics. However, Mercier occasionally indulges in excessive harping on the flaws of English translations—not that he is necessarily wrong but his insistence seems picayune in a work whose scope is so much broader.

What had been known as the New Novel in the 1950s and 1960s is on the verge of being classified and categorized as a now fully explored stage of development. Already, a second phase, known as the "*new* New Novel" is identifiable, encompassing recent fictions of Robbe-Grillet, Simon and Pinget. Mercier's book was written before most of these were published, but his largely negative reaction to Robbe-Grillet's novel, *La Maison de Rendez-vous*, as well as to his film *Trans-Europe-Express* reveal his lack of sympathy for the increasingly important Pop art elements of Robbe-Grillet's latest written and filmed works. Mercier views the French writer's attempts to find new modes of expression as a degeneration of the successful formula of *Jealousy* and *Last Year at Marienbad* (written by Robbe-Grillet and directed by Alain Resnais). Nor can we detect what Mercier's reaction might be to the new tendencies evident in Simon's *The Battle of Pharsalus* and *Les Corps Conducteurs* (not yet translated) as well as in Pinget's *Passacaille* (also untranslated). But these will undoubtedly be taken up in a subsequent volume; meanwhile, whatever be the latest trends and mutations, the bulk of what is newest and most provocative in the French novel between 1950 and 1970 has here been admirably presented to American readers. □

A Case of Pilot Error

SAFETY LAST—The Dangers of Commercial Aviation: An Indictment by an Airline Pilot. *By Captain X. The Dial Press. 264 pp. $7.59.*

KARL M. RUPPENTHAL
Mr. Ruppenthal, a veteran airline pilot, is at present director of the Centre for Transportation Studies, University of British Columbia, and a consultant to the Canadian Ministry of Transport.

I was interested when I saw the cover of this book, and even more excited when I read the accompanying publicity. As an airline pilot who has flown more than twenty-five years, I have an uncommon interest in airline safety, and am painfully aware of the fact that there are functionaries in the industry who have an insufficient appreciation of its importance. I have seen myopic bureaucrats procrastinate and pass the buck when safety was in the balance. *Safety Last* promises to tell us about such things: "How the airlines write their own safety regulations and then, putting profit before safety, succeed in evading even those requirements; and how the FAA . . . really becomes a rubber stamp for the airlines." That is a wonderful promise. But the book itself falls far short of fulfilling it.

Poorly organized and spotty in style, for the most part the book is overly sensational. Too often the reader is given a quick glimpse of an airline accident, usually in a paragraph or two, and then, with insufficient factual foundation he is given the author's conclusions. With little documentation and an inadequate review of the facts, the reader is asked to accept the assurances of the anonymous Captain X who tells us that his conclusions are right.

Having had occasion to read many full accident reports (and as a former ALPA official having been privy to some accident investigations), I know that accidents often stem from a variety of causes. Seldom are they so simple as the superficial coverage they receive here might lead one to believe. In a short book Captain X speaks of hundreds of aviation accidents—airline and other—that have occurred over the past thirty years or so. In attempting to cover so many, his treatment is necessarily abbreviated and therefore shallow. While in some instances I would agree with his

WALKING WITH THE DEVIL, SIDE BY SIDE

When it comes to love, he gives me ordinary receipts
written in disappearing ink
When it comes to fear, he keeps me walking in the cold,
Unable to stop, rest, or go home
You have a choice he says at last, but I'm too far removed
from even my immediate past to know

The mirror does not reflect exactly,
This is a literal hell

Part of me survives by ticking like a clock,
Part of me lives alone
The unborn stay unborn

Kathleen Norris

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conclusions, the book itself does not make his case.

Safety Last suffers in a technical sense from a commingling of practices past and present. Captain X has caustic comments for the Martin 202 aircraft but does not tell us that the U.S. airlines discarded that unfortunate plane some twenty years ago. Criticism of the Fluxgate Compass (which has also been obsolete for years) is not clearly separated from his criticism of equipment in use at present.

I am in complete agreement with the author on several points. Far too many pilots (and some good friends of mine) have been killed in stupid training accidents. They were engaged in dangerous maneuvers that were required by inexperienced bureaucrats in the Federal Aviation Administration and condoned by supine airline officials. More than one pilot has suffered a close call because an incompetent company instructor let the plane get out of control. I would agree also with his thesis that the FAA spends too much money on trivia while leaving unfinished critically important tasks. But I cannot go all the way with him in his wholesale condemnation of the FAA nor his inference that the airlines and the Air Transport Association are completely insensitive to safety.

Captain X puts far more faith in radar than would I or many pilots whom I know. He would have the taxpayers buy more elaborate, and more expensive, radar, installing it at many airports. He would use ground-controlled radar as a primary landing aid. I would disagree. While radar has its uses, it too has its limitations and its faults. A GCA approach (one controlled by the radar man on the ground) is no better than the inherent limitations of the gadget itself and the competence of the operator on the ground. For myself, I would prefer to have the control in the cockpit. As a pilot, I know my own limitations, but I am always worried about the competence of the unknown radar operator on the ground.

The book makes many sweeping statements which are not supported: "Most of the FAA regulations in use today are as ancient and as useless as the landing aids that were put into operation thirty years ago. . . . Seven out of ten times, when a craft is released for flight after an inspection at the main overhaul shop, the pilot squawk is not repaired. . . . All airlines are guilty of some unsafe practices, but some airlines are guilty of them all." The book's title is catchy and its chapter headings provocative: "Windy Washington," "See or Be Destroyed," "Why Doesn't the FAA Make it Mandatory?" But the chapter titles promise more than the chapters themselves provide.

Sometimes flamboyant and often sensational, the author does little to make his case. There is no doubt that he knows a lot about aviation and existing safety problems. Captain X might well have written a useful book had he discarded the cloak of anonymity, carefully documented his charges, then let the public know precisely what in his opinion should be done.

Naturally enough, in my own mind I compared the book with *Unsafe at Any Speed*, thinking of the groundswell of public clamor brought about by its revelations. But Captain X is no Ralph Nader, and it is unfortunate for us all that he is not. □

ART / Lawrence Alloway

Not only is the amount of public art in New York increasing, it has become more broadly based. There is now a spectrum of artists ranging from mobile professionals to once-only neighborhood artists. One of the best-known groups concerned with the expansion of professional art to a large scale for an undifferentiated audience is City Walls, Inc. (*The Nation*, September 21, 1970), which has just completed two new projects, one by Richard Anuskiewicz, the other by Mel Pekarsky. The Anuskiewicz, on the side of the YMCA at 8th Avenue and 50th Street, is tall and narrow and runs up ten stories. It is a characteristic image from his Op art paintings, a rectangle of concentric bands, graded from blue to green to yellow at the center, on a bright red ground which penetrates the rectangle. Large 3-D initials, YMCA, have not been moved to make way for the painting and jar against the image, but the mural is big enough to be competitive against the cluttered townscape.

The Pekarsky, downtown at Houston and Crosby Streets, is a stack of formalized mountains, four horizons of them, one above another. As strata, the forms echo the lines of the architecture but as images the undulating ranges introduce another kind of shape. The mural is formally congruent with the site but lyrically free from architectural and geometric constraints.

Both of these large murals were painted by riggers, working from the artist's designs. The majority of City Walls's murals, aside from two earlier pieces by Pekarsky, have been projections of Abstract painting into public spaces. There is an irony here: the history of Abstract art is, among other things, a series of arguments designed to show that Abstract imagery is different from ornament, that decoration is not the necessary status of abstract forms. However, when geometric grids and color sequences are presented on walls, at an architectural scale, the decorative potential exceeds compensatory theories of expressiveness. Thus City Walls has extended the role of the professional artists in the city, but at the expense of the aesthetics of Abstract art. There are other ways of going public, however, as recent projects demonstrate.

Two outdoor works that are being completed as the summer ends are sponsored by Cityarts Workshop, Inc., "an independent community arts program" supported by the New York State Council on the Arts, the National Endowment for the Arts and the Parks Department. Its purpose is to develop a public art based on community participation, not just in terms of spectatorship but by physical engagement. On the side wall of the Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, at Pitt Street and Grand, youths from the neighborhood are painting a mural under the direction of two artists from the Workshop. At Curtis Park, on 46th Street between 9th and 10th Avenues, a mural has been completed and a modular wall in sand-cast cement is in progress; it will be installed when the present space is remodeled, later in the year. One hundred and fifty or so local residents have worked on the cement panels, impressing ceramic chips and fragments into the slabs; when the wall is finally assembled, it will be a collective work, produced by many individuals within a system devised by the project director, Phillip Danzig.

The Curtis Park mural is by Arnold Belkin, who has connections back to the Mexican mural painters; it is entitled "Against Domestic Imperialism." Like that of the Playhouse mural, its theme is getting out of the ghetto, but Belkin's iconography is precisely controlled, whereas the other is hard to read. The Belkin mural is a departure for Cityarts inasmuch as it is a piece of one-man controlled art. It is true that his assistants were drawn from the district, but the result is a Belkin, as the Anuskiewicz is an Anuskiewicz. The community is present as the subject matter of the painting, but not as the author. The mural is organized in three zones, reading from left to right: demolition and drugs (bulldozer

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and needle), family on the move (blueprint and slogans), and symbols of a new, greener city to come. The slogans confirm the meaning of the progress: "we the people demand control of our communities" and "the neighborhood is for people, not big business." The last is an allusion to midtown office building (though it should be noted that McGraw-Hill is paying for the park). Belkin uses the tripartite visual display skillfully to dramatize steps in a process of desirable change. An earlier use of the three-part homiletic composition in public art can be seen, by the way, in Anton Refregier's mosaic at Local 1199 Drug and Hospital Union Building on 43rd Street.

Other Cityarts Workshop projects avoid the imperialism, if that is what it is, of one-man control. The Alfred E. Smith Recreation Center (at Cherry and Catharine Streets) has two murals, done in 1970 by local teen-agers. An easily manipulable silhouette style was used to depict familiar subject matter. One, in red and two blues, shows stylized figures of a cop taking a bribe (it pained the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association), a mugging, a fix, Black Power fists; the other, in greens, browns, yellows and orange shows a flat crowd, the contour lines of which were taken from Polaroid shots of local people. There is a generalized but intimate typology of blooming Afros and common gestures. In Chinatown (at Bowery and Chatham Square) Alan Okada worked in 1971 with assistants from the community to depict "Chinese Immigration to the United States." It is done in a sophisticated graphic style which makes it look like a movie poster, though a sharp one. This effect is increased by the fact that it shares a wall with real ads for, among other things, "honeymoon cruises" and a pesticide *"contra las cucarachas."* Thus the mural leaks into the environment rather than resisting the competing sign systems all around it.

Studio in the Streets is a venture by the Harlem Studio Museum to distribute art on public sites. On 7th Avenue and 126th Street four artists have spread a band of imagery along a black-painted brick wall. No attempt has been made to reconcile the different styles or to modify stylistic transitions: the jumps in style, I take it, are symbols of autonomy (doing your thing without interference). There are locally derived images, Egyptoid stylization, and a Post-Impressionist flatness, somewhat like Jacob Lawrence. Another group work is on the wall in back of a narrow street park at 5th Avenue and 128th Street: three paintings, here, and a relief sculpture. On the wall are words like "hope" and "unity" and a likeness of George Jackson (though somebody in the park thought it was Moses); on the ground are empty bottles of Swiss-Up and Wild Irish Rose wine. At 5th Avenue and 126th a painting done mostly with spray cans on an unprepared wall shows the people rebelling against capitalism. It is a muffled but touching echo of the flow patterns of the masses and their static monolithic oppressors, seen years ago in Mexican murals.

Idiomatic public art with black subjects emerged in Chicago and Boston in the late 1960s: big walls with a rugged imagery of protest and self-identification. There is nothing in New York to equal the vigor and heat of those works, in which iconographical urgency burned through technical difficulties. Given the widespread predisposition toward an art that represents community interests, such as the Public Arts Council's Environmental Sculpture Program (*The Nation*, July 10), it is surprising that Studio in the Streets has not succeeded better. At present the work is that of artists who are satisfied to be the emblem makers of the block. On this basis, which excludes outside spectators as foreigners, the local murals can be said to work. The public art we are waiting for, however, the iconography of social conscience and neighborhood causes, needs to be visualized more legibly and more competently. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Alain Tanner, the Swiss director, was introduced to American audiences this summer with two ingratiating films, *Charles, Dead or Alive* and *La Salamandre*, and was immediately nominated to the company of Godard, Brecht and especially Eric Rohmer (*My Night at Maud's*; *Claire's Knee*). The comparisons are perhaps inevitable—particularly that with Rohmer, because Tanner too deals less in narrative event than in the definition and appraisal of personal relationships. However, I think the references too formidable for his attractively modest aims; furthermore, they draw attention away from the originality of his mind and manner.

Tanner is at once friendly and cool; he employs cheerfulness to maintain his distance and in this period of loose-boweled confession his pictures are marked by a refreshing reserve; Tanner guards the self-respect of his characters. His method, if one can generalize from two works, is to frame his

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stories (more accurately, moral anecdotes) as triangular encounters of which the apex is negative and the other two points are supercharged with life. The effect is not at all clinical, nor is it on balance pessimistic; but the films are suffused with the sadness implicit in biology: the organic process operates with an irreducible component of waste.

In the case of *Charles, Dead or Alive,* the hero (François Simon), third-generation proprietor of a watch-spring factory, chooses the hundredth anniversary of his family firm to depart the life of unaspiring success and purge himself by succumbing to anonymity. For business and other public purposes he is seen in the hours before his decision wearing a mask of resignation to lost opportunities, but he subjects his mirror to grimaces of mockery and self-disgust. Charles in private is a much younger man than Charles on view, a bifocal concomitant of middle age out of which Tanner and Simon develop a remarkable depth of personality for a character who otherwise operates behind a scrim of reticence.

Charles incognito falls in with an iconoclastic sign painter and his nurturing mistress, who find in the emotionally exhausted older man an almost pat confirmation of their thesis that conventional enterprise withers the soul. They also on first acquaintance had taken him for a professor and, even after uncovering his identity, submit their lively, unlettered minds to his schooling.

The film becomes an exercise in gentleness, with the sign painter Paul (Marcel Robert), trying to involve the mechanically inept Charles in his craft and the girl (Marie-Clair Dufour) intimating that she is available to him, if that would be a help. The young people see Charles as resting; he knows he is finished, but loves them for their optimism, is soothed by their affection, and leaves them in the illusion that they will all three meet again.

Charles's daughter, a New Leftist, finds her way to her father's hideout and soon detects an absence of social direction in the ebullient Paul's private campaign of subversion (typical example: with the owner's passive and amused consent, he has pitched Charles's excellent car over a precipice). For this she prescribes the daily memorizing of a dialectically inspiriting aphorism, thus inflicting on her innocently extrovert victim a babble of deracinated dicta that makes Charles smile but thickens the flow of the picture; it seemed to me an example of what can happen when a young director allows himself to become too much aware of Godard. Otherwise, *Charles, Dead or Alive* is a rumination on the good generous people can do one another during the brief period that authority will leave them in peace.

La Salamandre is an intellectually more witty film. The passive focus is Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a girl of the type commonly known as wayward. She has—probably deliberately—shot her guardian uncle, who had protested against the life she was leading. The attack, though not fatal, has gained some notoriety, and two young writers, one a poet, the other a journalist, determine to collaborate on a biography of the girl for television. But first each will develop the story according to his own inclination. Paul, the poet (Jacques Denis), believes that the motivations of the incident can best be deduced by free improvisation from the meager skeleton of publicly released facts; Pierre, the journalist (Jean-Luc Bideau), prefers to build a document on meticulous research, principally by interviewing the persons concerned. The somewhat bitter cream of this jest is that each of these bright, confident and somewhat naive young men expects his method to disclose a human being scorched by an extreme experience, whereas their quarry is in fact a creature safeguarded by lethargy and narcissism from any animating flame.

When eventually they come upon her, Paul and Pierre cannot believe what they find; it outrages their own joy of life; they are fascinated, like puppies circling a toad, and of course each of them is seduced by the challenge. For her part, Rosemonde is willing enough to talk with them or sleep with them, but she has nothing to say and nothing to give. The sole strategy of her amniotic life is to quit whatever job she holds seconds before she is fired by an incensed employer. Ostracism gives her a sense of well-being, that being a classic refuge of the infantile.

Obviously, the script cannot be written, though Paul might have accomplished it if he had not had the bad luck, for a poet, of coming face to face with his inspiration. But Tanner is not impeded by the inanition of his central character because in his scheme (he wrote the film in collaboration with John Berger, the English art critic and novelist), Rosemonde is much less the subject under observation than was Charles in the earlier film. The idea is that human nature abhors a void and the two young men cavort and curse, engage in wild pranks and, in general, tear their hair to show what lengths life will go to avoid the pull of annihilation. The huge, beargraceful Bideau and the neat, mustached and mordant Denis are intelligent and entertaining young men. They make a rite of spring out of surviving their encounter with Miss Ogier's lizard. □

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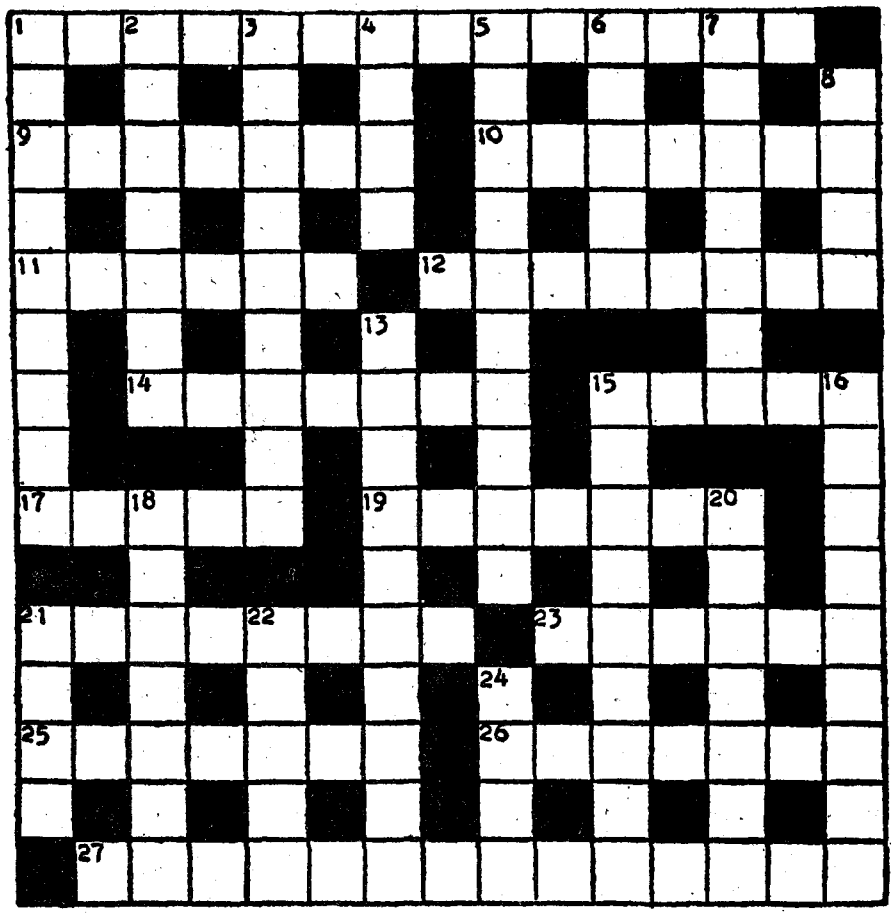
Crossword Puzzle No. 1456

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 After one round, perhaps, another round of drinks here. (10,4)
9 One might have served, but never at a local disturbance. (7)
10 No ruling has as yet been made on such. (7)
11 Small vehicle got around another one. (2-4)
12 It could make man labor in a strange way. (8)
14 A tent may be as a precaution, and a plane as a last resort. (7)
15 and 4 down A light meal takes lots of time to prepare, but these could be more formal. (9)
17 Out of this, one isn't really 21 down, but one of them might be kind. (5)
19 Direction pointed out by the sword at an outbreak? (7)
21 How one feels after a week-end of trouble—and almost sounds it! (8)
23 His passengers were invariably late (6)
25 Playing brilliantly! (7)
26 The one marked "exit"? (7)
27 Such a poker game is the ultimate in insignificance. (4-2-3-5)

DOWN

1 Saving tea, in a way, as the captain does at times. (9)
2 Obviously hot drinks are paid attention to! (7)
3 Simple Simon couldn't meet the going ones, as any chemist might know. (9)
4 See 15 across.
5 This demands a speedy dispatch. (6,4)
6 The one who calls may expect to hear it first. (5)
7 The center, for example, if not the type that may be up a pole. (7)
8 Is it mere semblance of an artificial language to the capital of Lithuania? (4)
13 Idle talk carries some weight with a British poet. (10)
15 Not a fast time in the Jewish quarter where a tutelary god comes first. (9)
16 Two of the things the scoreboard might show for the worst kind of driver! (3-3-3)
18 Followed on tour, perhaps, but supposed to be difficult to get into the fold. (4, 3)
20 Typifying the changing character of Christmas? (7)
21 See 24 down.
22 One of those things happening in the seventies? (5)
24 and 21 down Mary's husband? Evidently the two of them are fine! (8)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1455

ACROSS: 1 Steeplejack; 9 and 10 Deep River; 12 Enteric; 13 Scathed; 15 Astragal; 16 Occult; 18 Septet; 21 Sack race; 24 Spotted; 26 Baleful; 28 and 11 Packaged; 29 Shrug; 30 Ilse; 31 Countersign. DOWN: 2 Top secret; 3 Earring; 4 Love; 5 Jericho; 6 Coast; 7 Tennis; 8 Repeal; 14 Gloss; 17 Cornering; 19 Espial; 20 Treason; 22 and 23 Changes course; 25 Tokyo; 27 Arne.

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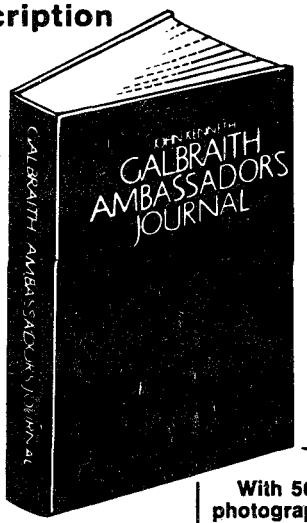

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